

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

JULY 4TH. The misery of self-reproach which I suffered, yesterday evening, on hearing what Laura told me in the boat-house, returned in the loneliness of the night, and kept me waking and wretched for hours.

I lighted the candle at last, and searched through my old journals to see what my share in the fatal error of her marriage had really been, and what I might have once done to save her from it. The result soothed me a little—for it showed that, however blindly and ignorantly I acted, I acted for the best. Crying generally does me harm; but it was not so last night—I think it relieved me. I rose this morning with a settled resolution and a quiet mind. Nothing Sir Percival can say or do shall ever irritate me again, or make me forget, for one moment, that I am staying here, in defiance of mortifications, insults, and threats, for Laura's service and for Laura's sake.

The speculations in which we might have indulged, this morning, on the subject of the figure at the lake and the footsteps in the plantation, have been all suspended by a trifling accident which has caused Laura great regret. She has lost the little brooch I gave her for a keepsake, on the day before her marriage. As she wore it when we went out yesterday evening, we can only suppose that it must have dropped from her dress, either in the boat-house, or on our way back. The servants have been sent to search, and have returned unsuccessful. And now Laura herself has just gone to look for it. Whether she finds it, or not, the loss will help to excuse her absence from the house, if Sir Percival returns before the letter from Mr. Gilmore's partner is placed in my hands.

One o'clock has just struck. I am considering whether I had better wait here for the arrival of the messenger from London, or slip away quietly, and watch for him outside the lodge gate.

My suspicion of everybody and everything in this house inclines me to think that the second plan may be the best. The Count is safe in the breakfast-room. I heard him, through the door, as I ran up-stairs, ten minutes since, exercising his canary-birds at their tricks:—"Come out on my little finger, my pret-pret-

pretties! Come out, and hop up-stairs! One, two, three—and up! Three, two, one—and down! One, two, three—twit-twit-twit-tweet!" The birds burst into their usual ecstasy of singing, and the Count chirruped and whistled at them in return, as if he was a bird himself. My room door is open, and I can hear the shrill singing and whistling at this moment. If I am really to slip out, without being observed—now is my time.

Four o'clock. I come back to this journal, with sensations filling my mind which it would be useless for any woman to attempt to describe. The three hours that have passed since I made my last entry, have turned the whole march of events at Blackwater Park in a new direction. Whether for good or for evil, I cannot and dare not decide.

Let me get back first to the place at which I left off—or I shall lose myself in the confusion of my own thoughts.

I went out, as I had proposed, to meet the messenger with my letter from London, at the lodge gate. On the stairs I saw no one. In the hall I heard the Count still exercising his birds. But on crossing the quadrangle outside, I passed Madame Fosco, walking by herself in her favourite circle, round and round the great fish-pond. I at once slackened my pace, so as to avoid all appearance of being in a hurry; and even went the length, for caution's sake, of inquiring if she thought of going out before lunch. She smiled at me in the friendliest manner—said she preferred remaining near the house—nodded pleasantly—and re-entered the hall. I looked back, and saw that she had closed the door before I had opened the wicket by the side of the carriage gates.

In less than a quarter of an hour, I reached the lodge.

The lane outside took a sudden turn to the left, ran on straight for a hundred yards or so, and then took another sharp turn to the right to join the high road. Between these two turns, hidden from the lodge on one side and from the way to the station on the other, I waited, walking backwards and forwards. High hedges were on either side of me; and, for twenty minutes by my watch, I neither saw nor heard anything. At the end of that time, the sound of a carriage caught my ear; and I was met, as I advanced towards the second turning, by a fly from the

railway. I made a sign to the driver to stop. As he obeyed me, a respectable-looking man put his head out of the window to see what was the matter.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "but am I right in supposing that you are going to Black-water Park?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"With a letter for any one?"

"With a letter for Miss Halcombe, ma'am."

"You may give me the letter. I am Miss Halcombe."

The man touched his hat, got out of the fly immediately, and gave me the letter.

I opened it at once; and read these lines. I copy them here (without the address to me, or the writer's signature); thinking it best to destroy the original for caution's sake.

"DEAR MADAM. Your letter, received this morning, has caused me very great anxiety. I will reply to it as briefly and plainly as possible.

"My careful consideration of the statement made by yourself, and my knowledge of Lady Glyde's position, as defined in the settlement, lead me, I regret to say, to the conclusion that a loan of the trust money to Sir Percival (or, in other words, a loan of some portion of the twenty thousand pounds of Lady Glyde's fortune), is in contemplation, and that she is made a party to the deed, in order to secure her approval of a flagrant breach of trust, and to have her signature produced against her, if she should complain hereafter. It is impossible, on any other supposition, to account, situated as she is, for her execution to a deed of any kind being wanted at all.

"In the event of Lady Glyde's signing such a document as I am compelled to suppose the deed in question to be, her trustees would be at liberty to advance money to Sir Percival out of her twenty thousand pounds. If the amount so lent should not be paid back, and if Lady Glyde should have children, their fortune would then be diminished by the sum, large or small, so advanced. In plainer terms still, the transaction, for anything Lady Glyde knows to the contrary, may be a fraud upon her unborn children.

"Under these serious circumstances, I would recommend Lady Glyde to assign as a reason for withholding her signature, that she wishes the deed to be first submitted to myself, as her family solicitor (in the absence of my partner, Mr. Gilmore). No reasonable objection can be made to taking this course—for, if the transaction is an honourable one, there will necessarily be no difficulty in my giving my approval.

"Sincerely assuring you of my readiness to afford any additional help or advice that may be wanted, I beg to remain, Madam, your faithful servant,

"———"

I read this kind and sensible letter very thankfully. It supplied Laura with a reason for objecting to the signature which was unan-

swerable, and which we could both of us understand. The messenger waited near me while I was reading, to receive his directions when I had done.

"Will you be good enough to say that I understand the letter, and that I am very much obliged?" I said. "There is no other reply necessary at present."

Exactly at the moment when I was speaking those words, holding the letter open in my hand, Count Fosco turned the corner of the lane from the high road, and stood before me as if he had sprung up out of the earth.

The suddenness of his appearance, in the very last place under heaven in which I should have expected to see him, took me completely by surprise. The messenger wished me good morning, and got into the fly again. I could not say a word to him—I was not even able to return his bow. The conviction that I was discovered—and by that man, of all others—absolutely petrified me.

"Are you going back to the house, Miss Halcombe?" he inquired, without showing the least surprise on his side, and without even looking after the fly, which drove off while he was speaking to me.

I collected myself sufficiently to make a sign in the affirmative.

"I am going back, too," he said. "Pray allow me the pleasure of accompanying you. Will you take my arm? You look surprised at seeing me!"

I took his arm. The first of my scattered senses that came back, was the sense that warned me to sacrifice anything rather than make an enemy of him.

"You look surprised at seeing me!" he repeated, in his quietly pertinacious way.

"I thought, Count, I heard you with your birds in the breakfast-room," I answered, as quietly and firmly as I could.

"Surely. But my little feathered children, dear lady, are only too like other children. They have their days of perversity; and this morning was one of them. My wife came in, as I was putting them back in their cage, and said she had left you going out alone for a walk. You told her so, did you not?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Miss Halcombe, the pleasure of accompanying you was too great a temptation for me to resist. At my age there is no harm in confessing so much as that, is there? I seized my hat, and set off to offer myself as your escort. Even so fat an old man as Fosco is surely better than no escort at all? I took the wrong path—I came back, in despair—and here I am arrived (may I say it?) at the height of my wishes."

He talked on, in this complimentary strain, with a fluency which left me no exertion to make beyond the effort of maintaining my composure. He never referred in the most distant manner to what he had seen in the lane, or to the letter which I still had in my hand. This ominous discretion helped to convince me that

he must have surprised, by the most dishonourable means, the secret of my application in Laura's interests, to the lawyer; and that, having now assured himself of the private manner in which I had received the answer, he had discovered enough to suit his purposes, and was only bent on trying to quiet the suspicions which he knew he must have aroused in my mind. I was wise enough, under these circumstances, not to attempt to deceive him by plausible explanations—and woman enough, notwithstanding my dread of him, to feel as if my hand was tainted by resting on his arm.

On the drive in front of the house we met the dog-cart being taken round to the stables. Sir Percival had just returned. He came out to meet us at the house-door. Whatever other results his journey might have had, it had not ended in softening his savage temper.

"Oh! here are two of you come back," he said, with a lowering face. "What is the meaning of the house being deserted in this way? Where is Lady Glyde?"

I told him of the loss of the brooch, and said that Laura had gone into the plantation to look for it.

"Brooch or no brooch," he growled, sulkily, "I recommend her not to forget her appointment in the library, this afternoon. I shall expect to see her in half an hour."

I took my hand from the Count's arm, and slowly ascended the steps. He honoured me with one of his magnificent bows; and then addressed himself gaily to the scowling master of the house.

"Tell me, Percival," he said, "have you had a pleasant drive? And has your pretty shining Brown Molly come back at all tired?"

"Brown Molly be hanged—and the drive, too! I want my lunch."

"And I want five minutes' talk with you, Percival, first," returned the Count. "Five minutes' talk, my friend, here on the grass."

"What about?"

"About business that very much concerns you."

I lingered long enough, in passing through the hall-door, to hear this question and answer, and to see Sir Percival thrust his hands into his pockets, in sullen hesitation.

"If you want to badger me with any more of your infernal scruples," he said, "I, for one, won't hear them. I want my lunch!"

"Come out here, and speak to me," repeated the Count, still perfectly uninfluenced by the rudest speech that his friend could make to him.

Sir Percival descended the steps. The Count took him by the arm, and walked him away gently. The "business," I was sure, referred to the question of the signature. They were speaking of Laura and of me, beyond a doubt. I felt heart-sick and faint with anxiety. It might be of the last importance to both of us to know what they were saying to each other at that moment—and not one word of it could, by any possibility, reach my ears.

I walked about the house, from room to room, with the lawyer's letter in my bosom (I was afraid, by this time, even to trust it under lock and key), till the oppression of my suspense half maddened me. There were no signs of Laura's return; and I thought of going out to look for her. But my strength was so exhausted by the trials and anxieties of the morning, that the heat of the day quite overpowered me; and, after an attempt to get to the door, I was obliged to return to the drawing-room, and lie down on the nearest sofa to recover.

I was just composing myself, when the door opened softly, and the Count looked in.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Halcombe," he said; "I only venture to disturb you because I am the bearer of good news. Percival—who is capricious in everything, as you know—has seen fit to alter his mind, at the last moment; and the business of the signature is put off for the present. A great relief to all of us, Miss Halcombe, as I see with pleasure in your face. Pray present my best respects and felicitations, when you mention this pleasant change of circumstances to Lady Glyde."

He left me before I had recovered my astonishment. There could be no doubt that this extraordinary alteration of purpose in the matter of the signature, was due to his influence; and that his discovery of my application to London yesterday, and of my having received an answer to it to-day, had offered him the means of interfering with certain success.

I felt these impressions; but my mind seemed to share the exhaustion of my body, and I was in no condition to dwell on them, with any useful reference to the doubtful present, or the threatening future. I tried a second time to run out, and find Laura; but my head was giddy, and my knees trembled under me. There was no choice but to give it up again, and return to the sofa, sorely against my will.

The quiet in the house, and the low murmuring hum of summer insects outside the open window, soothed me. My eyes closed of themselves; and I passed gradually into a strange condition, which was not waking—for I knew nothing of what was going on about me; and not sleeping—for I was conscious of my own repose. In this state, my fevered mind broke loose from me, while my weary body was at rest; and, in a trance, or day-dream of my fancy—I know not what to call it—I saw Walter Hart-right. I had not thought of him, since I rose that morning; Laura had not said one word to me either directly or indirectly referring to him—and yet, I saw him now, as plainly as if the past time had returned, and we were both together again at Limmeridge House.

He appeared to me as one among many other men, none of whose faces I could plainly discern. They were all lying on the steps of an immense ruined temple. Colossal tropical trees—with rank creepers twining endlessly about their trunks, and hideous stone idols glimmering and grinning at intervals behind leaves and stalks and branches—surrounded the temple, and shut

out the sky, and threw a dismal shadow over the forlorn band of men on the steps. White exhalations twisted and curled up stealthily from the ground; approached the men in wreaths, like smoke; touched them; and stretched them out dead, one by one, in the places where they lay. An agony of pity and fear for Walter loosened my tongue, and I implored him to escape. "Come back! come back!" I said. "Remember your promise to *her* and to *me*. Come back to us, before the Pestilence reaches you, and lays you dead like the rest!"

He looked at me, with an unearthly quiet in his face. "Wait," he said. "I shall come back. The night, when I met the lost Woman on the highway, was the night which set my life apart to be the instrument of a Design that is yet unseen. Here, lost in the wilderness, or there, welcomed back in the land of my birth, I am still walking on the dark road which leads me, and you, and the sister of your love and mine, to the unknown Retribution and the inevitable End. Wait and look. The Pestilence which touches the rest, will pass *me*."

I saw him again. He was still in the forest; and the numbers of his lost companions had dwindled to very few. The temple was gone, and the idols were gone—and, in their place, the figures of dark, dwarfish men lurked murderously among the trees, with bows in their hands, and arrows fitted to the string. Once more, I feared for Walter, and cried out to warn him. Once more, he turned to me, with the immovable quiet in his face. "Another step," he said, "on the dark road. Wait and look. The arrows that strike the rest, will spare *me*."

I saw him for the third time, in a wrecked ship, stranded on a wild, sandy shore. The overloaded boats were making away from him for the land, and he alone was left, to sink with the ship. I cried to him to hail the hindmost boat, and to make a last effort for his life. The quiet face looked at me in return, and the unmoved voice gave me back the changeless reply. "Another step on the journey. Wait and look. The Sea which drowns the rest, will spare *me*."

I saw him for the last time. He was kneeling by a tomb of white marble; and the shadow of a veiled woman rose out of the grave beneath, and waited by his side. The unearthly quiet of his face had changed to an unearthly sorrow. But the terrible certainty of his words remained the same. "Darker and darker," he said; "farther and farther yet. Death takes the good, the beautiful, and the young—and spares *me*. The Pestilence that wastes, the Arrow that strikes, the Sea that drowns, the Grave that closes over Love and Hope, are steps of my journey, and take me nearer and nearer to the End."

My heart sank under a dread beyond words, under a grief beyond tears. The darkness closed round the pilgrim at the marble tomb; closed round the veiled woman from the grave; closed round the dreamer who looked on them. I saw and heard no more.

I was aroused by a hand laid on my shoulder. It was Laura's.

She had dropped on her knees by the side of the sofa. Her face was flushed and agitated; and her eyes met mine in a wild bewildered manner. I started up the instant I saw her.

"What has happened?" I asked. "What has frightened you?"

She looked round at the half-open door—put her lips close to my ear—and answered in a whisper:

"Marian!—the figure at the lake—the footsteps last night—I've just seen her! I've just spoken to her!"

"Who, for Heaven's sake?"

"Anne Catherick."

WHISTOLOGY.

—the *Play's* the thing

To touch the conscience of the king.

PROBABLY human ingenuity has not displayed itself in any discovery more than by the various modes it has invented to read the character, and detect the temperament, of individuals. This has been a favourite study from the very earliest ages—chiromancy existed amongst the Chaldeans, phrenology is of our own day—while sect after sect preferred their claim to attention, founding their several systems, now upon physical attribute, now upon some apparently adventitious element; so that, from the facial angle or the occipital ridge, to the shape of a man's nails, there is nothing which has not been admitted as evidence of his moral tendencies, or his intellectual capacity.

We have given years of patient thought and labour to this theme, we have revolved it long and arduously, discussing much with the learned of many lands, and our triumph it is at length to declare, that we believe success has crowned our life toil, and that we have arrived at the test of all temperament, the gauge of morals and the measure of mind. That we have, in short, established an ordeal which no subtlety can evade, no astuteness escape from; an ordeal, too, so comprehensive as to include the whole nation of men subjected to it, giving the measure of greatness and goodness, littleness or incapacity, as unerringly as the balance decides upon weight, and thus supplying to the world, bored with competitive trials and civil service commissions, one sure and safe measure by which it shall select its public men.

Amongst the many objections which will be started against his plan, there will be none more constantly put forward than its extreme simplicity—the old stumbling-block of weak minds, who require that truth not only should see at the bottom of the well, but that the water should be muddy besides. To such persons, however, he makes no appeal. To them, he says, "Lovers of the inexplicably confused—ye men who worship complexity without consistency, and moderation without a purpose—go hence! *Your* teachers are members of Parliament! *Your* school-house is

the British House of Commons, or a botanical lecture-room. The audience I seek is of those eager for truth, even though it come in the humblest garb, and with the smallest parade of pretension. To them, then, do I declare, that whist is the touchstone of humanity—the gauge and measure of man.” “Whist!” exclaims some rash objector, “why, whist is a game—a mere game.” Doubtless it is; but is not law a game? Is not medicine a game? Is not public life in its very highest walks a game? Is not literature a game, a mere game, with all its accidents of good and ill, its opportunities gained or lost, its poor hands occasionally played fortunately, and its trumps as often squandered? To suppose that by the word “game” deprecation must be understood, is to make a gross mistake. All the world is a vast play-table, with the heaviest stake that can be played for on the board. In the same way, but in a far more applicable sense, that the chase is said to be mimic war, a game may be the counterfeit of life, with all its vacillating changes, its failures and successes, its short-comings and its triumphs, its struggles and its accomplishments.

“I concede also this,” cries another and more eager opponent; “but what becomes of your theory in the case of those—and a large majority of people they make—who do not play, never played, and probably never will play it?” To that I reply, that where a watch has no dial-plate I do not pretend to tell the hour. For the sake of that large and benighted class, I am ready with my sympathy and my sorrow. I regret heartfully that so much of intellectual culture has been denied them, even to the pitying expression of Prince Talleyrand to the unhappy man who confessed he had never learned the game: “Ah, my friend, what a wretched old age awaits you!” To tell me that the test is a fallacy, because it is not of universal application, is absurd; for what test is there that has such conditions? School experiences, for instance, make sad work of one’s occipital ridge. I myself had four of them before I was on the “fifth form.” Single-stick will do as much or more for your facial angle. A rowing-match against time will contribute generously to the characteristic indications of the palm of your hand; and as to the shape of your hat, if you wear a Gibus or a Jim Crow, you may defy all the “experts” of Europe.

I go no further, remember, than saying that whist is the test of those who play it; and I no more apply it to the outer barbarians who do not, than I would prescribe the ascent of Mont Blanc to a bishop. I am ready, as I told you above, to deplore fearfully that the number is not millions. I’d be pleased to think that even in our own colonies, scattered as they are over the universe, a rubber could always be found; and that while I write these lines—it is now nearing midnight—men were scoring the honours at Newfoundland, and marking the trick at Auckland.

Let no rash opponent burst in by saying, “Is

it thus he speaks of a frivolous pastime? Does he want to dignify as a science a vulgar amusement, or establish as a test of capacity mere skill at a game?” Nothing of the kind, most hasty and intemperate of critics. With the amount of skill or ignorance a man may display at whist I have little concern. It is not of whist as a game I am treating, though I may add, in a parenthesis, that when I shall have addressed myself to the subject, Hoyle and Major A. will figure at a low mark in cheap catalogues, and even Dechapel be had for the “binding.”

No; my present business is with whist ethically considered—whist regarded as the emblem of the man whisting—and it is in the elimination of this as theory that I lay claim to the honour of a discoverer. There may be some who will not accord me the patience, slight though it be, I crave; some are already throwing down this paper; some have arrived at the condemnatory “Pshaw, what folly!” But you, dear and valued reader, are not like these men—you will hear me for “my cause.”

Let me, then, start with the declaration that whist includes a large range of high qualities, and a great extent of acquirement. The great whist-player must have patience, charity, forgiveness, forbearance, promptitude, considerable readiness in emergency, fortitude under calamity, a clear faculty to calculate probabilities, an admirable memory, and a spirit at once self-reliant and trustful. Not alone must he be graced by these bright endowments, but be bland in manner, and a courtier in demeanour, and be able to exercise every one of these qualities at the moment of requirement, showing himself at the self-same instant of time mature in thought, quiet in action—a Murat in pursuit, a Massena in resistance, and a D’Orsay in politeness! Whist, you are aware, is a perfect illustration of the law of evidence. You are given certain facts as the basis by which others are to be elicited. Your partner—I am speaking, of course, of one deserving of that name, one versed in the game, educated in its wisest precepts, himself a man of capacity, and animated by that spirit of responsibility which is the very essence of a player, and which whispers to him at each moment, “It is not my own fate that is alone at stake, there is a fellow-creature associated with me here; shall I by this knave bring joy to his heart, or will that club add another white hair to his whiskers?” Such a man as this, I say, gravely arranging his cards with a mingled caution and quickness, leads a card, as the French say, “invites.” From that moment the issue of the cause opens: his card is the first witness on the table; that witness may be a person of mark or note, he may be one of the middle rank of life, or some humble creature, some deuce of diamonds, merely sent forward, like a picket, to fire a shot and fall back. Whatever be the card, the question of evidence is opened, and as speedily do you ask yourself, “What does this imply?” The resources of your own hand aid you in the

answer, and you are in an instant in possession of the motive. Now it may be, that, fully appreciating the intention, and rightfully estimating all your partner's resources, yet still the amount of support he expects from *you* is not available. Your object is, therefore, at once to show him that you cannot come up to his aid, that you are weak in that arm of the service, and that the order of attack must be altered.

You were a chief justice a moment back—you are a general in command now. The adversary has played, and what a flood of light breaks in upon you! You perceive immediately the indication of strength in a certain colour, consequently, the likelihood of weakness in some other suit, since Fortune generally deals in these caprices; and thus thinking, your imagination soars upward on the speculation of that strength and that weakness. He has this, but not that; he wishes for a club; he is afraid of the diamonds. The fancy thus exercised attains an ease and pliancy you have not experienced before, and you see, almost without knowing it, a pack! Now comes the strong attack—or is it really strong? Is not that king led out so boldly a single card? and is this pretended strength not weakness, a mere bid of the opposition, which cannot deceive an old habitué of the Treasury benches? Ah, crafty politician that you are, how you have detected the clever bid for popular favour! but you are not to be the dupe of such an artifice. You are called on to reply; and now what a demand is suddenly made upon your memory, not alone for every card that has been played—that is a slight effort—but for every motive and impulse that suggested the play, and where the intention had met success, where failure; why your partner discontinued this or persisted in that; from what cause did he slight that advance, why seem to encourage that apparent failure. To your gifts of Lord Campbell, Napier, and Disraeli, you now add the calculating powers of a Babbage, all shrouded under the benevolence of a bishop, and the bland urbanity of a lord in waiting.

As I must not rob my other and magnum opus of details of this sort, you will excuse my pressing this theme any further. I merely mean, by these few and passing remarks, to call your attention to the true nature of the game, and the qualities it requires. If you see by this that the great player must of necessity be a man of varied and remarkable gifts, you will also perceive how, in the deficiency of such qualities, inferior performers exhibit manifold traits of this nature, the wants of the intellectual man being, so to say, eked out and supplied by the resources of the moral man. The great artist, perfect and complete, answering to every demand, ready at any emergency, is a grand and a very imposing spectacle. He stands out like some faultless statue that you walk around with ever-increasing admiration. Still, in the high exercise of his genius, his true nature is little revealed, for neither successes elate, nor

reverses surprise him, and *he* is not the profitable subject of contemplation.

It is your erring mortal, your whister, "not too good for human nature's daily food," your man of weaknesses and frailties, yielding to temptation here, trustful to rashness there; now credulous, now doubting; over-confident at one moment, over-cowardly the next; spendthrift to-day, miserly to-morrow; rash with his aces, and a niggard of some beggarly small trump, that might have spared his partner an "honour." This is the man for our purpose; watch him, mark him, even for one rubber, and you'll know more of his real innate actual nature than his wife knows, who has been solacing and scolding him for five-and-twenty years. Look at the very manual indecision with which he extricates that card from his hand, and seems, even as he plays, half to recall it. Mark how his eyes follow it—his own card—not the adversary's, nor his partner's, but his own blessed four of spades, and a worthless adventure, of no value to any one, but a whole argosie to him, for it was once *his*, and *he* played it. That man's heart is all selfishness. I know it. I see it. You may argue till you are blue, but you'll not persuade me to the contrary. Place him in a cabinet to-morrow, and he'll only have a thought for the measure he initiates himself—a measure probably of equal pretension with his four of spades. He is a one-idea'd creature, and the one idea is himself. "Who led that card? How is all this? What's to play?" exclaims the sandy eyebrowed man, with the long upper lip, and you see one who is always asking his way in life: begging this man to explain that leader in the Times, and beseeching every one to guide him somewhere. He is a bore, too, of that terrible category, the lackadaisical, making physical cold-bloodedness stand for breeding, and thinking himself the pink of fashion when supremely impertinent. Well, he'll meet his reward from that sharp-nosed old gentleman with the up-standing hair, and who has just turned the trick, as he would turn the key on a prisoner. Watch the unrelenting severity of that wicked old face as he leads out his trumps. Wouldn't he burn heretics! Wouldn't he thrash his nigger, think ye! No, he'll not leave you one—not one, sir; his memory has not begun to fail him yet, and he remembers you have the ten, though you have just played the knave. There is a savage sort of haste, too, in the way he gathers up the tricks—he is afraid your sufferings might have even a second's respite. And oh, poor benighted little man with the large cravat and the mosaic pin, what possessed you to keep all your good cards to be trumped, holding back your notes till the bank broke? You were a miser, that's the secret of it, and you thought to carry off your wealth with you at last. At all events, you couldn't part with it. It was so pleasant to turn it over and look at it, and mutter, "Oh, I could make a show if I would; but I won't. I'll leave it to those silly fools there to squander their substance; but I'll die rich!"

We now come to the distrustful player, the man who has no faith in his partner, and who, forgetful that his efficiency is entirely dependent upon a thorough good understanding with his colleague, bores along alone and unseconded. This is a lamentable spectacle, and full of its moral teaching. You see such a man exactly as he would figure in the real world of life, ever encountering difficulties which only need the slightest amount of assistance to combat, but which, unaided, were insurmountable. You see him marring and deranging what might have proved skillful combinations but for his dogged and stubborn self-reliance. Next in order of hopelessness is the uncertain, wavering player; the man deterred by every chance obstacle, and continually altering his plans to suit some supposed necessity. He flies from hearts to spades, and from spades to diamonds; and if you watch him in the actual world, you will see such a man desert his party in the House, or his friends out of it, whenever an adverse incident seems to threaten them with misfortune.

Look at that careless fellow with the merry eye and the laughing mouth, and tell me, as he plays out all his best cards one after the other, if you do not recognise the spendthrift, that only lives on the present, and takes no heed for the future? One half of that abundance he is dissipating would have achieved a victory if only expended with judgment and discretion; but he doesn't care for that; doesn't care when his melancholy partner explains how and why they have been beaten, but, with some wise saw about being jolly under difficulties, is quite ready to begin again, and be worsted, as he was before.

Is there a mood of man, is there an element of mind, or quality of temper, we have not here before us? The sanguine, the hopeless, the rash, the timid, the impetuous, the patient, the forgiving, the relentless, the easily baffled, and the stubbornly courageous man, are all there; and there is also the man of memory and the man of none. The man playing out his game—just as he lives—from hand to mouth; no calculation, no foresight, no care for the future in his heart; and there is, sad spectacle! the wretched creature who loses his game rather than play some paltry trump; and that man—take my word for it—would not spend sixpence in a cordial to restore life to the poor fellow rescued from drowning. Don't tell me this judgment of him is harsh, hasty, or cruel. I have made these men my study. I have tracked them home at night, and seen them walk drearily back to their lodgings in the rain, rather than bestow a shilling for a cab, though the rheumatism and the cough will turn out to be a costlier luxury afterwards.

Another variety also deserves mention, and it is one with which every whister must be familiar. The man who cares nothing about the game and everything for the stake; the man who has no interest in the changeful fortunes of the fight, but is intently interested in the result, and everlastingly inquiring, "What was the

amount of the rubber?" as if the arithmetic was the real subject for anxiety. Such are, I grieve to own, the class who form successful men in the world. They look only to "what pays," and in this one idea'd pursuit of the profitable, they always beat out of the field those poor souls who have notions of credit, character, and distinction.

As for that sanguine but not strong-headed individual who never suspects the adversary's strength, in the suit he has just led, because it has been suffered to go round once unmolested, I see the germs of an unfortunate speculator, the victim of Spanish "Threes"—"Royals preference shares."

But as "there are manners of men," so are there whist-players, and it would only be to catalogue the moods of the one to enumerate the types of the other: The blindly hopeful creature, that will play his game out without the faintest shadow of a chance in his favour, true emblem of the fellow who actually does not know he is ruined till he reads his name as bankrupt in the Gazette; and his antitype, the melancholy, despondent man, who, with four by honours, expects defeat, portraying the rich annuitant, who awakes every morning with the horror that he is to end his days in a poor-house. And let us not forget the plodding, hesitating, long-meditating player, who will not lay down on the table some miserable deuce of clubs without five minutes of what he fancies to be consideration. Go not to that man with a subscription-list for a poor family, ask not him to join you in a little effort to buy winter clothing for the naked, or firing for the shivering and destitute; he will listen to you for an hour, if you like, but he will never give you a farthing.

I have taken all the dark sides of the medal here, as my readers will perceive. I have recorded none of those grand, heroic, self-devoting traits with which whist abounds; I have said nothing about those noble bursts of confidence with which this man will sacrifice his all that his partner may be triumphant; as little mention have I made of those beautiful little episodes of charity, those touching instances of tender pity with which your great player overlooks the irregularities of some weak and erring adversary. Wonderfully affecting incidents, too, when one remembers that they come out in the very ardour of conflict: it is giving quarter in the thick of the battle, and amidst the dead and the dying. In fact, I am only fearful that if I but venture out farther on the vast ocean of Illustration, I may never see land again. Perhaps, however, I have set the stone in motion, and other stronger hands will now lend it the impulse of a push. Perhaps the great moralist of the age, whoever he be, will revolve this theory in his mind, and render its application popular and easy. Perhaps who knows but the wise men they call Civil Service Commissioners may introduce whist into the list of subjects for examination, and tide-waiters be questioned on the "odd trick?"

At all events, I trust that I have shown that whist has its ethical phase: that no man playing it can, no matter what his proficiency or his ignorance, no matter how eager or indifferent he may be, no matter how subtle to subdue emotion, or how guarded to cloak his wishes,—no man, I repeat, can shroud his real nature in obscurity, but must stand out revealed, and declared in his true character. The test is one that no subterfuge can escape from, no ingenuity evade.

"Le style c'est l'homme," was the old maxim of a once famed philosopher, but a wiser age repudiates the adage, and proclaims that it is "whist is the man." With this declaration I have done. "Exegi monumentum;" to others I bequeath all the benefit of my researches, all the profit of my labours. The rubber is over. Good night!

THE BREATH OF LIFE.

Or the family of Monsieur Turgot, the finance minister of Louis XVI., no member had lived beyond the age of fifty. Turgot himself was, while he lived, a vigorous and healthy man, but he died at the age of fifty-three. On the other hand, we rarely meet with an octogenarian who has not long-lived people in his family, and almost every man can find within the circle of his own private acquaintance some family in which long life appears to have been hereditary. Why does the goat live for a day, the raven for a century? Is it a difference of flesh only that gives to the horse more years of life than to the dog? Why does one seed produce a plant that has but a year's life, and another grow into a tree, which is said to have lived four thousand years? The breath of life is an unpenetrated mystery, still to be referred humbly to the simple exercise of the Creator's will. We cannot, by any search, lay bare the source of life in the fresh seed; we cannot tell how life was breathed into the infant, or account for the decay by which a season of maturity is followed. There is nothing in the substance of any creature out of which the assigned limit of its life could be found. Apart from the higher soul of man, there is a breath of life exerting its force on the machinery presented by the structure of each living thing. A nursing mother, suddenly depressed by a shock of profound terror, put her infant to her breast. At the first draught of her milk its limbs became rigid and it died. The structure of the child was what it had been, but the principle of life was gone. Daily experience and practice recognise the existence of this vital force. We speak of husbanding our strength, of powers reduced by sickness or privation, recognise in some neighbours a vigour of life that enables them to get safely through fatigues and risks that would kill weaker men. We know the value of this force in helping men to get over all bodily ailments, yet, when sickness comes, the popular superstition still is to betake ourselves to gruel and purgation, and all ways of lowering

the principle of life within us that is best able to fight our battle.

Popular superstition consists almost wholly in the longer retention by the untaught million of errors, during many generations maintained and diffused, abandoned by the educated few. Not fifty years ago, Doctor John Armstrong strongly urged free bleeding in typhus fever. To this day there are many who, if they do not bleed men sinking under typhus, have recourse to purging, or the use of antimony and depressing drugs. But the wholesome rule of the profession now, is, to use wine, quinine, and whatever can support the patient's strength. Marsh fevers were made fatal by bleeding, in the days of the Walcheren expedition, and this practice was supported by high authority, even so late as thirty years ago. When bleeding was abandoned, mercury was used; six thousand grains of mercury were given in one case by Doctor Chisholm. The mortality was very great under this system of depression. Large doses of quinine are now used, and four in every five of the lives that would have been sacrificed under the old method are saved. It is found that pulmonary disease is the chief cause of mortality under the age of fifty; but above the age of fifty, apoplexy. Impending strokes of that chief associate of the period of declining vital force, used of old to be converted into fatal attacks by indiscriminate use of the lancet, the cupping-glass, the calomel purge, and low diet. Now, these are seldom used, and particular care is paid to the sustaining of the powers of life. Violent mania used to be regarded as a display of energy to be abated by free bleeding, depression with tartar emetic, and low diet. "Now," says the medical proprietor of a lunatic asylum, who has fifty years' experience, "we treat our maniacal cases with abundance of food, six or seven meals a day of mutton-chops, beefsteaks, porter, wine, &c., and it generally sends them to sleep in thirty-six hours or two days. They can't stand out against the food; it regularly knocks them down; it calms them completely, and we rarely now lose a case."

The whole march of medical experience and practice during our own generation has been steadily in this direction. Once upon a time surgeons did not believe that wounds were to be healed properly without vulneraries, balsams, and charpies. That it was good simply to bring the edges of a wound together, sustain general health to the utmost, and leave the result to "the healing power of nature," was a simple truth, now universally accepted as a principle in surgery, but then unknown. The tendency of modern practice is to the recognition of a like principle among physicians. The professional patriarch who began practice with the belief that he had twenty remedies for every disease, now owns that he has twenty diseases with no remedy; but, at the same time, his strong reliance on the marvellous construction of the living frame increases year by year as he sees terrible diseases conquered by an effort of nature,

which he has only taken care to free from the impediment of unwise meddling, and to aid, as far as possible, by strengthening the natural force, the all-pervading life itself, fighting against the disease by which it is enfeebled.

A physician, well esteemed among his brethren, teacher of Medicine in the Liverpool Medical School, has written a brave book, which fairly advances to the rank of a general principle, the truth towards which all professional experience has of late years confessedly been marching. This writer, Doctor Thomas Inman, of Liverpool, disclaims all credit for originality; but, as he founds upon the knowledge of our day a distinct argument that in combating with disease the physician should give his first attention to a support of the powers of life, and his second attention to the particular structure that may be diseased, and, as this is a reversal of the old rule, he ventures to entitle his book "A Foundation for a New Theory of Medicine." The title is big, but the book itself is free from all extravagant pretension. It is in harmony with the present temper of professional experience and practice, but is full of new and valuable truth; for one, who feeds his cold upon thin gruel when he ought to knock it down with a rumpsteak; for another, who likes to be bled every spring; or a third, "continually refining his blood," as he supposes, with antibilious pills. We draw, therefore, on the book, not for speculations but for a few suggestive facts. It is of no matter whether we recognise, with Doctor Inman, vital force as a distinct power, or define it with Mr. Bain "as a collocation of the forces of inorganic matter for the purpose of keeping up a living structure." Whatever life may be, we know the conditions of its sustenance; we know that the powers of life are impaired by all diseases; we know that often, if not always, their tendency is to a curative effect, and we care only to show here, by many instances, that the success of this effort is very commonly proportioned to the degree in which those powers of life are sustained and strengthened.

A gentleman married at the age of eighty, and had five children. Two died before the age of thirty, as it seemed, of pure debility; the others appeared likely to follow. There are many reasons for the obvious difference in the degrees of vital force which children bring into the world.

When a child is at the breast, it is a common household proverb that a weakly mother makes a crying baby. Instead of giving Daffy's Elixir and other poisons to the child, the custom should be to nourish the mother well with ample food, and give her all possible peace of mind. To secure a still night to a nursing infant, there are few medicines so effectual as a full dose, to be taken by the mother before bed-time, of good soup, and some wine or beer. A sick infant should, of course, as far as possible, be supplied with the requisites of healthy life; and the first of these is good air. A child of eighteen months, weak from its birth, and threatened with water on the brain, was dieted care-

fully in Liverpool without success. He steadily got worse, and was unable to digest even milk and water. As a last resort he was taken across the Mersey to New Brighton, a watering-place round the corner of the opposite shore, facing the Irish Channel. "No alteration was apparent until he had turned the angle between the river bank and the open sea; but the instant he had done so, a change was perceptible in his features—the haggard look of suffering was replaced by the placid look of ordinary repose. As soon as he arrived at the lodging taken, he was ready for a meal, and digested with perfect ease a small basinful of bread and milk. The vomiting and purging ceased at once, and the recovery was complete."

A child, aged twenty-five months, had convulsions that resisted all treatment. She was sent into the country and they ceased immediately. She was brought back to town in a few days, and they returned. She was taken back into the country, kept there for some months, and came home quite well.

Lancing of gums, purging, calomel, blistering, used to be the old fatal artillery brought to bear against children in convulsions. Under the contrary system now prevailing, the mortality has been greatly reduced.

We have all read and known many examples of the sustaining power of hope, and of the depression of the vital force under despair. A man receives a hurt, which is by accident overestimated, and his doctor says in his hearing that it must be mortal. He lies still in bed, eating nothing, silently expecting and assuring himself of death. Somebody else, in whom he has full confidence, happens to see that he is not seriously hurt, orders him chops and porter; his eyes brighten, his tongue is loosed, and next day he is well.

As we have seen of the strength of mania, so we may find of all forms of unsoundness of mind, that there is deterioration, not increase of vital force. A lady, subject only at certain times to aberration of mind, with a sleeplessness that was not to be conquered by narcotics, recovered by the help of steel medicine, good diet, a slight daily walk, and carriage exercise. An overworked young surgeon, whose mind wavered, and whose sleepless nights were haunted with wild visions, recovered by the use of liberal food, steel, and cod oil. A sister or daughter, wearied with watching by the sick, whose eyes are darkened with black spots, and whose ears ring, takes wine, with the support of frequent food, and is freed from those distresses. An elderly lady had an attack which she feared boded apoplexy. The surgeon who first saw her, finding her pale, weak, and badly nourished, prescribed tonics and good living. She was well in a week. Subsequently she had a similar attack, and was seen by a practitioner of the old school, who leeches and purges her. She was dead in two days.

A stout woman who lived freely, used purgatives, and suffered now and then from giddiness, was seized with apoplexy. There was

clear debility of constitution with a fatty heart. Tonics were strongly recommended by the consulting physician; but, on the other hand, it was urged that the patient was so wedded to purgatives that she would take them surreptitiously if they were not prescribed. They were prescribed, and the woman lived only a fortnight.

Another woman of the same age and like constitution, apoplexy being imminent, was treated only with quiet and tonics, and has been for years in perfect health. A short, stout, florid man, whose father and grandfather had died of apoplexy, was not held to be the stronger for the aspect of his face, was strengthened with rest, tonics, and good diet, and recovered. A man of twenty stone, steadily sinking under purgatives, recovered upon the reversal of his treatment. Seamen, after exposure and privation, come sometimes into the Liverpool Northern Hospital with their speech lost, and one side paralysed. Quinine, or a quiet stimulant, with good living and wine, cure them.

A burly coachman, very temperate in habits, had an apoplectic stroke. Two surgeons in succession saw him; the first cupped him, and the second bled him, after which he lost the use of his right side and the power of speech. He lay six weeks without amendment, was then treated with steel and alcohol. In a week he began to mend. In three months, he could walk and talk, and use his arm.

Unquestionably there are cases in which blood should be taken, but even in these it is taken for the removal of an instant peril, and that being once averted, maintenance of the vital force strengthens the curative power that is most to be relied on.

We look to the chest. Quiet as healthy breathing is, it implies the exercise of as much strength by muscles of the chest, as in twelve hours would equal the exertions necessary to carry a weight of one hundred pounds up a tower sixty yards high. It needs some energy of life to do this work, and they who blow at various times into the spirometer, do in fact find that they can move the index farther when they are fresh, than when they are fatigued. The coughing that is necessary for the clearance of clogged air-passages demands a great deal of exertion, and in proportion to the force of life in the body will be the ease and efficacy of this sort of work. When children die of croup, they die of the debility which has destroyed the power of the muscles by which air was to be breathed in. Croup, when the majority of ailments used to be treated by reduction of the patient's strength, was one of the terrible diseases from which a recovery was hardly to be hoped. Now, it has lost many of its terrors.

Disease of the heart has always been a common consequence of an attack of acute rheumatic fever. The existence of much fibrin in the blood, now known to be a symptom of debility, was formerly regarded as a sure sign of necessity for bleeding, and reduction of the strength. In acute rheumatism there is a solid crust formed

on the blood after removal from the body. Certainly, therefore, it was said, bleed and give mercury. But, under this practice, strength was reduced, and the heart became the more liable to suffer. It is now found that under mild treatment and attention to the general health, recovery is at the least as rapid, and the risk of heart disease considerably lessened.

We look to the stomach, and what is more obvious than the debility attendant upon indigestion? We know that, after too long waiting for dinner, or under excess of fatigue, exhaustion takes the appetite away, but that a glass of wine, reviving for a time the force of life, promptly restores it. A merchant advanced in life, breakfasted at eight, went from a country suburb to his business in town, ate nothing there, walked home at four o'clock to give himself an appetite for his five o'clock dinner, and found, first, that after any harassing business or addition of fatigue, but afterwards habitually, his dinner produced vomiting. He was compelled to rest, dieted on milk and cream mixed with well-pounded blanched sweet almonds—which Liebig finds to be as nourishing as milk—and took steel as a tonic. In two days he improved. In a fortnight he took exercise in the open air, but at first always tired himself and brought the sickness back: the stomach being found to sustain less fatigue than the rest of the body, and to have its strength exhausted before weariness was felt in the legs. That is, by-the-by, a point worth the notice of all people whose stomachs are delicate, the fact being not an isolated peculiarity but common truth. Strict attention to rule, and avoidance of fatigue beyond the powers of the frame, restored, in the case of the merchant, health, and a freer enjoyment for the usual family dinner than had been experienced for years. But, afterwards, when hearty breakfasts and dinners could be eaten, and long walks taken without hurt, the old habits of business were obstinately resumed, and an exhaustion produced that proved fatal.

As it is through the stomach mainly, that the powers of life have to be supported, something ought to be said here about appetite. A very large number of patients are unduly starved because they cannot eat what is presented to them. If some of the thought bestowed upon combinations and changes of drug were spent upon diet; if the hours at which sick people can eat, were in each case carefully watched for, and experiments made of many ways of nourishment until the right one had been found; some lives would be saved every year. We are still too much disposed to believe that a sick person whose powers of life are low, cannot only swallow with impunity drugs in such doses as would peril the life and most surely put an end to the health of a sound person, but can at the same time live on an amount of food that would not keep a skeleton. There may be some reason for the opinion; but, that in innumerable cases patients die of drugs given to them in heroic doses, and waste into the grave for want of food enough to sustain nature in her conflict, we are

absolutely sure. Fifty years ago, the mortality among patients suffering from a great many diseases, used to be more than double what it now is; the improvement is to be ascribed wholly to increased care for the securing of healthy conditions of life for the sick, and to increased care that (according to Sydenham's motto) the physician do no hurt. The effect of a drug upon the constitution is now considered by the good practitioner not less than its effect on the disease.

Appetite being lost through excess of weakness, may, therefore, often be recovered slowly by a diet that increases strength. Where solid food cannot be taken, liquid food may be made nourishing. If milk can be borne in any form, that is good food; and there is nourishment as well as stimulus in spirit wisely taken. A gentleman very consumptive and extraordinarily weak, kept weak by use of "mild aperients," loathed solid food. The mild aperients were stopped, medicine was abandoned, cream with brandy, and milk with rum, were used as diet. He recovered health and strength and good digestion. A cup of cream containing half an ounce of brandy, three or four times a day, is a prescription much to be preferred in many cases to the self-prescribed physic with which many weak people make themselves weaker. Some need frequent support of sustenance, others bear longer intervals; but all should seek to meet diminishing of force of life with that by which true natural strength is revived—judicious food and rest. A lady, become bloodless and weak, required food half-hourly; she was unfortunately allowed to sleep too long, and she awoke to die.

Rest has been named in conjunction with food. Exercise beyond certain limits defined by the strength of an invalid, produces fatigue and depression. One of the commonest of errors is to lay stress indiscriminately on the strengthening power of exercise.

A gentleman, thin, weakly, and with a distressing impediment of speech, had been compelled by ill health to relinquish business. He could not recover health. It was found that he was in the habit of walking six hours a day "for the benefit of air and exercise." He was recommended to stay at home, lie on the sofa, and read novels, for a week. At the end of the week the alteration in his appearance, voice, manner, and even in the stammer, was most remarkable. Having found out his mistake, he became fat and flourishing, retaining very little of his stammer.

The mind of a spare and active man of business gave way, after a harassing career. He returned from a few weeks of confinement in a state of deplorable weakness, unable to stand without tottering. Upon liberal diet, steel, and cod oil, he gained flesh and strength. He was then allowed to be out of doors for ten minutes at a time. He ate hourly, and the exercise was taken between meals. Everything went well, until one day he walked a mile and a half to a concert, sat it out, and then returned up hill to

his house. For three days afterwards his life was despaired of, and it was a month before he had recovered the lost ground. We might add here an alphabet of cases. Mr. A. looks healthy, but is always painfully exhausted by half an hour's walk. Mrs. B. found her digestion destroyed by the exercise of talking, and recovered only partially by help of champagne. Mr. C. was so weak that he lost appetite and digestion, and was for some hours unable to think or write clearly after a walk of thirty yards. Mr. D. was exhausted by putting coals on the fire. Miss E., an overgrown, delicate girl, had influenza, and took Epsom salts. Her friends visited her; she sat up in bed chatting actively, ate heartily of chicken, and died when she laid her head back on the pillow. Mary F., intemperate, with fatty heart, died during the exertion of a fit of laughter. Mrs. G. is free from all organic disease, but the exertion of going up one pair of stairs confines her to her room for a week. She ascribes her debility to the exercise she was recommended to take while at a fashionable watering-place. A consumptive young lady who died under the care of a fashionable physician at a favourite spa, had been carried out by him ostensibly for a drive in his carriage, set down three miles from the town, and left on the road, under orders to walk home. That physician pinned his faith upon mutton and exercise, without considering that healthy exercise is a relative term; that what is light, healthy exercise for one, is for another dangerous if not fatal exertion; that the powers of the weak have to be husbanded, and that a sick or weakly person cannot fail to be harmed by exercise that reaches the point of fatigue.

Our account may close with two curious examples of what may be done by giving impulse to the natural order of life against any disorder in the system. A child was ill. The medical attendant, a remarkably shrewd and observant man, had done all in the power of his art, and the child steadily got worse. One evening the doctor called while the father sat over his whisky toddy, and he administered some to the child. It was taken with evident relish, and upon this hint the doctor acted. For three months the child, about two years old, lived almost entirely upon whisky toddy. By the end of that time the disease had given way, and healthy appetite returned. While the disease lasted, the child had enjoyed his mixture so much that he would not go to sleep without a small bottle of it that he nursed like a doll. But when recovery was complete, he loathed the sight and smell of it. In the second similar case, wine-and-water, spirits-and-water, and beer, were tried vainly, till it was found that the child fastened eagerly upon a particular kind of Scotch ale. Upon this it began to mend directly, taking a pint daily, and for the first fortnight nothing else. At the end of the fortnight there was appetite for solid food, and in six weeks the child was well, after which it disliked the ale so much that it could not even endure the sight of the bottle.

Neither we nor the physician from whose volume we derive our suggestions, mean for a moment to assert that food can be taken generally as a substitute for medicine. There must exist in the stomach the power to turn meat into nutriment; as there must be the power to sustain fatigue when the prescription is exercise. To order Devonshire cream and brandy to an ineffectual digestion, would be as irrational as to force long walks upon weak legs and panting lungs. It is now, however, certain that the powers of nature in the human body commonly labour to effect recovery from any disorder that befalls the frame, and that to reduce those powers, is to starve the garrison by which our fortress is held for us, to disarm our own troops rather than those of the enemy. A popular prejudice on behalf of measures that go to the sustaining and the husbanding of life and strength whenever sickness comes, would save much of the waste of health that now comes of domestic faith in household purgatives and water gruel.

HOW LONG WILL OUR COAL LAST?

WHEN we are told by competent authorities that some eighty millions of tons weight of coal are every year raised and used within the compass of our narrow island, it is impossible not to feel something approaching alarm as we contemplate the possibility of at least a partial exhaustion of the supply for which the demand is so vast. It is not at all easy to realise the meaning of so large a quantity as eighty millions of tons, but we may approach at least to some idea concerning it if, instead of mere weight, we reduce it to some other dimension. Let us first see how large a building would be required to house a single year's consumption.

Coal weighs, in the compact state in which it is found in the earth, something less than a ton to the cubic yard; in order to contain eighty millions of cubic yards of coal unbroken, our building must cover a square mile of ground, and have a clear height of about eighty feet. In the state, however, in which coal is sent to market, much more space would be needed. In order to bring this coal to our store, which, for convenience' sake, we may consider to be placed in the neighbourhood of London, let us see how the three main lines of railroad coming through coal districts, would manage to carry the load. Regarding a train drawn by one engine as carrying about one hundred and fifty tons, and assuming that six such trains could be despatched every hour, day and night, without intermission, it appears that about a thousand tons could be delivered per hour by each line, making a grand total of seventy-two thousand tons per day. At this rate, however, we should only have delivered at the end of the year a little more than twenty-six millions of tons. In other words, not one-third part of the year's consumption of coal could be conveyed to a central point if the whole business of three complete railways was devoted to that purpose. Or, if we suppose the coal transported

by ships and carried by screw coiliers, each of a thousand tons burden, and performing the round trip in ten days, it would require a fleet of upwards of two thousand such ships (not allowing anything for repairs and accidents) to carry the coal from the mine to the store.

Next, let us consider how much space this quantity of coal occupies in the earth, before extraction. An average thickness of workable coal in a very profitable coal-field is about six feet; but it must not be supposed that the whole of this can be taken. Even under the most favourable circumstances there is a loss of twenty per cent, and it is seldom that any large extent of coal exists without some of those fractures and troubles which greatly diminish its value. It would require, therefore, at least fifty millions of square yards, equal to about seventeen thousand five hundred acres, or not far short of thirty square miles, of a single bed two yards thick to supply the annual demand.

These are large figures, and may be considered to justify the alarm of some of our legislators, who would have us at least retain the power of checking any greatly increased demand which may arise among our neighbours on the other side the Channel. This is a case in which a little sound practical knowledge of geology is required: lest, on the one hand, we should permit our country to be deprived of the fountain of all her wealth: or, on the other, we should prevent the carrying on of a fair trade in a raw material which we possess in greater abundance, and can sell cheaper, than our neighbours.

Looking at the question from the first point of view, we are bound to remark that our share of this kind of mineral wealth is limited. It is a great patrimony bequeathed to England, Wales, and Scotland, by the races that preceded us in the occupation of the country—an inheritance of personal property, if we may be allowed the expression, consisting of capital that can be spent: not like an entail of landed property that we can only occupy; we are, therefore, responsible morally to those who may come after us for the proper use of it. We have no right to waste or destroy it, nor in any way to interfere with the value of what we do not immediately require.

As property, it is difficult—perhaps impossible—to exaggerate its importance. It is at present strictly and absolutely the source of all mechanical power. With it we can do and obtain anything that requires power—locomotion by land and sea, manufactures and manufacturing implements of all kinds—heat, and light. All our domestic arrangements are dependent on it. Without it we should hardly be able to call ourselves a people. We have no other sources of fuel, and, therefore, no other means of obtaining steam, which, at the present day, is a necessity of our existence. And we have no means of replacing from our large profits in the use of it, one particle of this magnificent capital. We can use, but we cannot create it. How coal was formed, is still to some extent a

mystery; but, that it has taken far longer to elaborate than the human race has done to complete thus far its history on the earth, there can be no doubt. If coal be now forming, man is not assisting, and knows not how to assist, in the operation. Nor is there any great probability that large deposits of undiscovered mineral fuel exist near the surface of the earth in any part of our country. Doubtless there is coal, and perhaps in large quantity, under certain of the rocks that have not yet been sunk through. The general limits, however, even of these unseen stores are pretty well known, and they form a reserve which will not be touched till the cost of extraction of known deposits is much increased, or the expense of opening out a coal-field at considerable depth much reduced.

Keeping these considerations in view, we may proceed to consider the extent of our known resources and the prospect they offer of permanence. For this purpose let us estimate the area of country occupied by those rocks amongst which coal may be expected to be found. The districts of this kind are called coal-fields, and in all of them coal-husbandry has advanced pretty rapidly within the last few years.

These districts are numerous and extensive. The most important are thus described: 1. The Newcastle coal-field in the counties of Northumberland and Durham. 2. The Lancashire, including Flintshire and North Staffordshire. 3. The Yorkshire (East Riding), including Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. 4. The South Staffordshire. 5. The Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, including the Forest of Dean. 6. The South Wales. Besides these, coal underlies parts of the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, the West Riding of Yorkshire, Shropshire and Worcestershire, Warwickshire and Leicester-shire. There are in Scotland a number of detached coal-fields, of which that in the valley of the Clyde and Lanarkshire is the chief. Ireland is not without coal, but the quality is poor, and the position of most of the fields inconvenient.

The Northumberland and Durham district of coal-fields is a compact area of half a million of acres, in which as many as eighteen beds are known which are thick enough to pay for working; but they are not all present on the same spot, and the thickest does not exceed seven feet. It is calculated, and with some approach to precision, that the average thickness of coal over the whole field is about twelve feet (including all the seams), giving a total estimated content of about ten thousand millions of tons. If only one fourth of this be obtainable, there should still be two thousand five hundred millions of tons, of which, perhaps, five hundred millions are already taken: leaving thus in this one field about two thousand millions, or twenty-five years' supply for the whole kingdom.

But, the Newcastle coal-field is neither the largest nor the most productive of our districts, although it is the one that has been longest opened. The Lancashire district is as large, and has a far greater thickness of coal. The Yorkshire is larger, but the coal-beds are not so

numerous, though some are thicker. The South Staffordshire is small, but the thickness of the coal exceedingly great, amounting in the same mine to between thirty and forty feet. The Somersetshire contains a large number of beds, and the total thickness of the coal is very great, but the area is only one half that of the Newcastle: while the South Wales, with a much greater available area, has thicker beds, more of them, and altogether a much larger supply. The Scotch coal-fields occupy together at least three times the space of the Newcastle, and the thickness of available coal in them is more than double; the thick seams being also double.

Bringing these figures together we shall find that the whole area of known coal-fields in England, Wales, and Scotland exceeds four millions of acres, or six thousand two hundred and fifty square miles; that, over this area, there is an average thickness of coal which cannot be estimated at much less than fifteen feet, or five yards, and that, therefore, the estimated quantity of coal is equivalent to a bed whose surface occupies thirty-one thousand two hundred and fifty square miles, one yard thick.

The eighty millions of tons annually consumed at present, would be equivalent to an area of nearly fifty square miles, one yard thick; and thus an estimate of six hundred years for the duration of our coal, at the present rates of consumption, would seem to be justified.

But, there are certain very important deductions that require to be made. One, indeed, has already been allowed for in our estimate, as the actual extent of country shown on our geological maps as coal-bearing amounts to about twelve thousand square miles, and the calculations of acreage made do not much exceed half that amount. Fifty per cent, therefore, has already been deducted for unproductive portions of the fields where the coal is injured and unobtainable, whether from faulted ground, inconvenient depth, or patches of bad quality.

We must, however, make a further large deduction, if we would fairly approach to a solution of the practical question. From the total acreage of coal lands, a coal surveyor, in estimating the value of a district, would deem it fair, not only to strike off fifty per cent for the injured and faulted coal, and the deep parts of the beds, but he must make a further allowance for what is left underground to support the roof, and for the loss of upper beds when the lower ones are first extracted. Our thirty-one thousand two hundred and fifty square miles of coal one yard thick, will thus dwindle down to twenty thousand.

Still, there remains a supply equivalent to four hundred times that which is now annually extracted; but, as all these calculations are made on the assumption that no coal has been removed, and, as our coalowners have been doing their best, not only in the way of fair extraction, but very unfair destruction, for many years, we fear that at least a century more must be struck off from this period if we would fairly estimate our resources. The consumption, how-

ever, is not fixed at eighty millions, and if we go on manufacturing and exporting coal and iron at an increased rate, it is obvious that the annual extraction must increase also.

What, then, is our security that we shall not really be drained of our coal within a comparatively brief period? A few centuries form but a small part of the history of a nation, and Englishmen will hardly be satisfied to feel that the days of their country's glory are numbered, and that if they look forward only just so many years as have elapsed since Elizabeth reigned and Shakespeare wrote, their great patrimony will be spent and their source of power at an end. To satisfy ourselves on this point, we must compare the resources of other countries in this respect, with those of our own.

Belgium, France, Prussia (both on the Rhine and in her eastern provinces), Russia, Spain, and even Portugal and Turkey, all possess coal-fields as well as England. Belgium and Prussia are producing countries in this respect, and though they do not compete with England in the open market, they are enabled, by their coal, to undersell us in some branches of manufacture. France is opening out her coal-fields; but France, like all the other countries of Europe, whether provided by nature or not, is chiefly a consumer of her neighbours' stock. Belgium and Rhenish Prussia are the only countries out of England that really work coal-mines on a large scale.

But not only is there coal thus reserved in various parts of Europe; Asia contains it, Africa has its share, Australia and the islands of the Eastern Archipelago possess large stores, and North America has resources so large and so conveniently situated, that time only can be needed to bring her openly into competition with England on very favourable terms. For every square mile of coal-field England contains, North America contains at least twelve; and for the most part the North American coal is thicker, more easily worked, and a larger proportion of the whole would be obtained.

So far, then, as the world is concerned, there is no fear that coal will perish out of the lands. Parodying the words of our great laureate, we may say,

Men may come and men may go,
But coal burns on for ever.

Practically, there is no fear of exhausting the patrimony which nature has been storing up for man during countless centuries; and we may even greatly increase the general consumption without danger, so far as the interests of mankind are concerned.

But, still the question recurs, How is England affected? To this question, the reply is brief and satisfactory. So long as England can raise and sell coal, and make iron cheaper than other nations, so long will her coal-fields be the chief sources of supply; and there is no good reason why they should not be. The day, however, will come, and cannot be far distant, when a continued demand will enforce a more costly mode of extraction, and the price of coal—and, as a necessary consequence, that of

iron, of all means of transport, and of manufactures—will rise also. Up to a certain point, the different people who purchase our coal, iron, and manufactures, will pay the increased price; but, as the gradual exhaustion of our resources renders the remainder more expensive to obtain, the time must arrive when our present customers will use their own coal, make their own iron, and, to a certain extent, manufacture for themselves, or buy in a cheaper market. The exhaustion of our coal-fields will thus be indefinitely delayed, as there will be amply sufficient for our own purposes at prices which, though higher than at present, will not do other stimulate our ingenuity, and induce future discoverers to find some substitute for coal, in regard to many purposes for which coal is now largely used. Even should we find it economical to import coal for certain purposes, there is no need to fear that we cannot employ our people with advantage, and retain that position among the nations which we have succeeded in gaining. In North America, in India, and in Australia, we have children who, while they profit by their own wealth, will, with advantage, interchange productions with us, and, so long as the old English feeling prevails, there will be no difficulty in finding the right direction for English industry.

THE VALLEY OF THE SWEET WATERS.

I SHOULD, perhaps, rather say *valleys*, for Constantinople has two parks of this name, the one the valley of the Sweet Waters of Asia, the other that of the Sweet Waters of Europe—the one the resort of pleasure-seeking Turks, the other chiefly of pleasure-loving Greeks.

The first is far up the windings of the Bosphorus, and just opposite the ivy-wreathed Castle of Europe; the other is far up the Golden Horn, in Roumania, and is on the Scutari side. To both, you must go by boat, which, in Constantinople, where the caiques number, not by hundreds, but by thousands, is as ordinary and fashionable a mode of transport as it was in London in Elizabeth's time, when you could not see the bear-baiting in the Borough, or Shakespeare's *As You Like It* acted, or the Queen passing from Whitehall to Greenwich, without taking boat.

I had heard much from those "gushing" and imaginative travellers—who are always stopping away from dinner (after a heavy lunch) listening to the "bull-bull's" lamentation for the picking of the rose—of the ravishing loveliness of the Turkish ladies; of the Sultan's seven hundred houris, of their slippers of seed pearl, of their black hair flowing in dark cascades down their backs, of their complexion soft and clear as rose-leaves, of the diamond flowers upon their turbans, of their grace and of their spangled trousers. I do not believe in polygamy or in slavery, and I cannot think beauty of the mind can spring from either, though the skin be white, and the nails a red-orange colour. So I put the subject on a high

shelf in my dark brain-cupboard, and waited till I could see for myself. On the Turkish Sabbath I would go to the Sweet Waters of Asia; on the Greek Sunday to the Sweet Waters of Europe. "There," I said to myself, "I shall see all the Greek and Turkish beauties, and will judge for myself." My inner impression was that they were wax-works hideously blanched, with cheeks ruddled red, and thick corked eyebrows.

I was told the right day and hour for each place. A thousand of the most beautiful Turkish ladies (wives of pashas) and Sultan's daughters-in-law, &c., were to astonish my eyes when I had got over the first dazzle of a thousand different coloured satins, and a thousand sprays and clasps of diamonds. I half resolved to prepare for the sight, by stopping two previous days in the dark.

I must start for the Sweet Waters of Asia; for it is only on a certain day (Friday, the Turkish Sabbath) and at certain hours (from about three to six) that the full concourse of ladies is to be seen. Escaping being torn to pieces by the rival boatmen of Tophana, avoiding a boat that has for its cushions a dirty old feather-bed, and another with a dirty door-mat rug, I tumble down into the cradle of "Pull away Joe's" neat *caïque*, which, because it is a pattern boat, I will describe. It is long, and sharp at both ends, and at both ends boarded over, to prevent shipping seas, with varnished planks, crossed at the top with little crowning rails of gilt carving, very dainty and very smart. The cradle where I lie, my back against where the coxswain would be seated in our English wherry, is lined with neat red cushions and white lamb-skins. There are two boatmen, because the Sweet Waters lie far up the Bosphorus. Windybank, the projector, is with me, holding forth on the stock subjects of the white minarets and dark cypress-trees of Constantinople, of the blueness of the water, and of the Neapolitan look those whales' backs of islands out in the Sea of Marmora have, reminding us of Capri, the den of Tiberius.

Windybank, who affects the cicerone, bids me observe how the *caïquejee* (boatman) fastens his oars by a leather loop to a peg on the side of the boat, which has no rowlocks—a simple plan, sometimes adopted in our own navy, that prevents their being lost, unless they break in some of the whirling and impetuous currents of the Bosphorus. Every time I look, Pull away Joe laughs with all his teeth, and says affirmatively, "Bono Johnny;" upon which, I call out, authoritatively, "Chapuk!" (quick! quick!), and to which he invariably replies by saying, "Yawash—yawash" (by degrees—by degrees), meaning, "No hurry—all in good time." I should mention that the *caïque* is not painted, but is lined inside with clean-shaved planks of plane-tree, grey with perpetual sun-scorch; the ornamented parts are covered with a brown glaze, such as you see on the crust of a pigeon pie. Pull away Joe is proud of his boat, and whenever I touch part of it, and say anything

to Windybank, he furls up the striped Broussa silk gauze of his dandy shirt-sleeves, and says, "Bono Johnny—pek ayi" (very good).

Past the Maiden's Tower, a sort of legendary lighthouse that stands on a rock at the entrance of the Golden Horn, opposite Scutari; past long lines of vessels and rows of dark-red wooden houses, with broad-brimmed flat roofs, and cellar-like boat-houses; past half a dozen tinselly Italian palaces of the Sultan; past plane-trees, and cypresses, and fishermen, and coffee-houses, and other *caïques*, flying by like swallows, with here and there a dead lump of carrion, swollen and horrible. We reach the Sweet Water meadows, where the *caïques* are gathering. Some are ambassadors' and consuls' barques; for, the boatmen wear red fezes and a sort of uniform; and on every seat is a pad of white lambskin, and much gilding lines and studs the gunwales.

"We are in grand time," says Windybank, who has been boring me about the Tanzimat, and the Hatti-Scheriff, and how this pasha was a butcher's boy, and that a bazaar shopman, and how universal corruption reigns among public men in Turkey, quite different from England, where the profits of place are never thought of, and where nothing but merit can secure promotion. (You know the man who has always just come from a chat with a cabinet minister? That was Windybank.) We land amidst a cluster of coaches waiting for ladies who are gone to sit under the plane-trees and drink coffee, or hear the itinerant musicians. Poor slaves, this is their only out-of-door amusement, except shopping in fine weather.

Before I go further into the trampled meadow of the first or second valley on the shores of the Bosphorus, let me stop to describe the *teleki*, or ordinary Turkish carriage, which has been well compared to Cinderella's pumpkin carriage. It is literally a small brougham, only that, instead of being on the box, where a Christian coachman would be, the Turkish coachman, generally in a tight blue frock-coat stiff with gold lace, and a red fez, walks on one side of the horses, holding the red reins. Then, the *teleki* is not a glossy dark green, or hidden claret, with padded drab lining, and gravely brilliant silver-plated harness, and on the centre door panel just one shield of azures or gules. It is smaller, more rounded, and much more of the "gimcrack," pinchbeck, and ormolu style. It seems shaped out of French plum-boxes; sometimes a gilt bird flutters on the top, sometimes roses and tulips are painted upon white in borders and garlands, in a sunny, rather theatrical, and meretricious air. To me the *telekis* never seem real, but only fit to pass across the stage in Cinderella or Bluebeard, when Sister Anne's brothers arrive in the nick of time. They are not for our dull, fitful, scowling, torpid climate, but suffice for a people who are two hundred years behind us. They are, however, fitting egg-shells to box up Zuleika and Katinka, and such white and red beauties with shrouded faces, with bodies shapeless bundles of violet and gold-coloured satin ferigees, between folds

of which here and there peep our sprays of diamond and bosses of emerald.

Barouches, broad and sweeping in their graceful curves, and holding bouquets of beauties as flower-pots hold nosegays, there are none here; snug broughams (in our sense), quiet and trim, there are none here; high-poised, swift gigs, there are none here; fleshy-legged footmen, hanging on in bunches behind blazoned carriages, there are none here. Instead of our John Thomas with the corpulent calves, I see only black eunuchs with crescent sabres, scowling faces, and immense lips. There are rude, coarsely-painted red and yellow telekis, not like the others, but I suppose hack ones, with daubed landscapes on the roofs, and no windows, on blinds, and no doors: so that you have to take a harlequin leap in, knocking your head against the wooden top. The teleki has no springs, and a dreadful life you lead inside it upon a stony Turkish road.

Peacock-fans, with your emerald eyes, get ye behind me till I have described the third and most barbarous and fantastic of Turkish conveyances—that is the araba, in which ladies, all rose-colour, satin, and apple-green, and mulberry, and silver sprigs, take the air, though I should imagine that Tamerlane's grandmother and Amurath's great-aunt were tormented in just such cumbrous Tartar vehicles. I think I have heard that the Sultan's mother herself, or some lady of equal rank, used to ride in such a caravan. It is, in shape, something between a pleasure-van and a dung-cart, with a queer scaffolding of poles about it. It is drawn at the funeral rate of never more than three miles and a half an hour by white oxen, whose foreheads are dabbed red with some sort of rouge or pinkish dye. The wooden collars of this stolid, meek-eyed pair, antagonistic to railways, rise three or four feet high, and are covered with red and black tassels of great weight and length. Sometimes, a black flood of tassels and steel ornaments, sways down from the yoke, and sometimes red cords run from it to the oxen's tails, which they loop up. At the four corners of the ox-waggon, are four poles supporting a clumsy canopy of red cloth or velvet, and within, on gold-fringed cushions, (the bruising araba need be wadded), lie, in a heap of colours, negress duennas, children in red fezes, and veiled ladies lovely as Aurora when she wears a gauzy veil of mist: white feather fans, and a sense of jewels everywhere, only partially concealed. French parasols, looking as if they were made of flower leaves sewn together, also crop out, for France always leads the van of fashionable civilisation in flimsy essentials and charming unessentials. A very unreal, fantastic, degrading, debasing life is that of the Turkish slave wife, with no amusement but the bath, the ribald jokes of dwarfs and jesters, and this senseless one day's exercise in the week.

Windybank, like Admiral Slade, praises everything about Stamboul, being in good humour at some successful negotiation about his railway through the Andes and over Chimborazo; says the Turkish women are beautiful and happy; that

it is all nonsense about the Sultan's seven hundred slaves, he having only seven real wives; that he is, in fact, a mild, melancholy angel of a man, but that, sad to say, his troubles and distractions, and the ambassadors, and all together, "are making him drink champagne and brandy too freely, *even for a Frank*." Simple-hearted Windybank!

But we have now got far from the Bosphorus, and the little stone quay where the caïques lie, their gilt mouths nibbling at the wall, like a shoal of monster fish; far from the Sultan's over-decorated Italian kiosk, gay monument of national bankruptcy and ruin; far from the square, broad-roofed fountain, with the long slabs of blue and gilt inscriptions in Turkish, telling you that "the water that poured below into the tanks is sweet as the Zemzem well that Abraham drank of, and delicious to the hot and thirsty as the rivers of Paradise;" far from the plane-trees with the jagged leaf and the white dappled bark. I and Windybank stroll up the valley. The place is more curious than beautiful. I would rather have a green, nestling, hill-girt Devonshire valley any day, but for the strange sights and associations here, and the Bluebeards and Camaralzamans, who sit cross-legged on the dry turf, or patrol in jolting telekis, or in the clumsy state of the unwieldy arabas. We get tired of the laborious idleness of the gala day, of seeing people one must not talk to under pain of a blow from a eunuch's sabre, and of the dreary mill-horse grind of carriages, and we push on down an intolerable lane deeply banked, making for the inner valley, where the Sweet Waters that feed the fountain on the shore wind and whisper.

The lane that connects this Hyde Park with this Green Park—to use a simile that realises the position of the two places at once to most Englishmen—is not a model lane. It is a medley of dust and mud, and is walled in by brambles and the snaky roots of old fig-trees. Its ruts are as deep as those of a country by-lane in England after harvest or a wet summer. They half bury the wheels of those painted egg-shells of telekis: and as for the ox-waggons, they are so wide that they fill it up altogether, and drive the pedestrians to the prickly hedge, and the fig-trees and the elevated bank. Windybank and I escape with difficulty being Juggernauted to death by the ponderous wheels of the ox-waggons and the toe-crushing circumference of the more volatile telekis, and by elongating and compressing ourselves against the brambly bank, get at last into the inner valley, to find nothing but more tulip-crowds of shining satin ferigees, flaunting negresses, Nubian musicians, painted veiled ladies, with more moored-up carriages, with Turks smoking comely out of the windows, more rows of hack horses and noisy groom-boys.

When I dare to confess that I think even Roten-row and its slow daily procession, insanely tedious, need I say that I thought the Sweet Waters by no means lively? To fish up boiled Indian corn from a caldron, to listen to Nubians' screeching songs, to see cross-legged men smoking, and

veiled Jezabels sitting under walnut and plane trees, taking coffee and talking frivolous and mischievous scandal, can be only amusing for the first time. To see the poor women sloughing along in loose, soft, yellow boots; to see Turkish babies, in pink jackets and trousers (skeleton suit) and tiny fezes, tumbling about in a negress's lap; to see Croat gardeners, Crim Tartars in grey wool caps and pink trousers, Hindoo fakirs swinging hollow pumpkin alms-dishes, hideous beggars with elephantiasis arms as large as brown bolsters, Montenegrins, Bulgarian vine-dressers, Anatolian shepherds in black sheepskins, boatmen, Circassians, Armenians, sherbet sellers, dervishes royal in their rags, Persians in receding black caps, pashas with beards dyed a ruddy brown with henna, boys smeared between the eyes with black to keep off the evil eye, fat captains on horses grand with gold-embroidered saddle-cloths,—to see these things, was to see the sights which alone redeem this insufferably dull place of amusement.

Was I then in that valley of Sweet Waters, thinking only of the mottle of sun on the hills around, on cypress-trees and red kiosks, and stream and fountain? Was I rejoicing, like the mere Pepys of travel, alone in the rolling satins and the heaps of diamonds that, spread out, would have covered that valley all over, from blue Bosphorus to mountain? Had I no thoughts of anything but the strolling-player look of everybody, and of those gazelle eyes which I was absurd enough to think just now brightened and dilated as I stared at them in abstracted wonder, careless of black footmen and eunuchs' swords? Well; I was dreaming that I saw pale, dripping spectres, with clinging cements of white, with paint washed off and undiamonded hair, gliding about among those groups of slaves and wives, wandering and gliding round the circles of negresses who listen to the Nubian flutes, passing unseen among the water-sellers and past the plane-trees; with restless unhappy vague search, as for some child or sister that might be here; with a look of tender, heart-broken reproach in their pale eyes, gliding round each ox-waggon, and looking into every teleki, still on the same endless search!

A ghost in sunshine? Why not? Is not this the land of crime and horror? Have not friends, whom I trust as my own soul, seen over and over again poor dead women, murdered, floating here on the Bosphorus in open day? Have we not record, some years ago, of women being drowned in this fatal water, in open daylight, with crowds looking on? Are not the harems perpetual scenes of poisonings and stranglings, the result of the accursed system of polygamy? It is because I am fresh from true stories such as these, that I see these ghosts in the sunshine mingling with the brilliant crowds.

But, to return to the women; must I say what I thought of them, after scanning with the care of a portrait-painter some thousand faces; and must my reply be ungallant and unfavourable? Truth says, "Yes; and speak out

like a man." The lower order of Turkish women are almost invariably ugly, always dwarfish in stature, with staring dark eyes, fleshy stupid bowsprit noses that protrude through the often dusty yashmak, and "hog mouths," as an old Stamboul resident characterises them to me. In walking, what with their sloppy boots and their awkward dress, their gait is a slatternly shuffle, painful to see, and ungraceful as the waddle of a swan.

The higher classes, especially the Circassians, in extreme youth are often as lovely as imagination can conceive; but they soon get old, and then their white skin becomes of a soft nankeen leather colour. What with the tons of sweetmeats they eat, the want of exercise, and the trying vicissitudes of the climate, they are often unhealthy, and the state of medicine (still even in Europe rather empirical, in Turkey barbarous) is such, that most of the serious diseases become chronic. Painting is now fashionable in Turkey, and every face I saw shadowing through a thin white cloud of yashmak, was hideously ruddled with rouge up to the very brows, which were charcoaled with some black pigment—perhaps the kohl that Eastern ladies use to dye the eyelashes and eyelids with. The very lips seemed stiff with cerement, and the skins that were not hard red, were of a ghastly cosmeticised whiteness. I saw all degrees of horror in rouge, from a becoming perpetual hot blush, to that sort of fiery dab that a butcher rubs upon a doomed sheep's side. I am told, however, that naturally the Turkish girl has skin of alabaster whiteness, with just a pale tinge of pink such as there is on the cold leaves of a winter rose. I am sadly afraid, poor creatures, that generally their best beauty is of a sickly and artificial character, inconsistent with all our ideas of sound health and cultivated mind. The yashmak has a strong tendency to drop off the face, as it has really done in the last few years with most of the Armenian women at Broussa; during the Crimean war I am told that it got so alarmingly thin, that the police at last arrested all women who went about the streets or bazaars without the old mask of the conventional thickness. I do not deny that I saw certain hours of grace and loveliness, with wonderful eyes of the "first water" peeping through the vizors of their yashmaks, but I think they were exceptional, and I believe that, on a fine day in London; Oxford-street alone would present more beauty than was gathered together in all that Asian valley.

But I must tear myself away from Zobeide and Scheherazade; the frowning, rolling-eyed blacks; the merry, good-tempered, motherly negresses; the terrible tom-tom players; the flutes and lutes; the water-sellers and the chestnut-vendors: to take boat, and go back, quite the opposite way, up the Golden Horn, to the other park of Constantinople—the Sweet Waters of Europe—where we must suppose ourselves, not on the same day, but on the next Sunday, or on one of the ever-recurring Greek festivals.

You may go there in three ways: either by caïque

up the Horn, or over the Pera hill, or across the bridge of boats; then, turning to the right, past the poultry shops and the fish market, and the timber stores and boat-builders, who live opposite the arsenal, and so on through the Greek quarter, through Eyub and its potteries, along dusty roads, and across a bridge at the upper end of the Golden Horn, following a little stream that appears suddenly and offers to guide you with its clue of silver thread, till you reach the Valley of Pleasure with its solitary fountain, coffee-shops, and shady trees. When I was there, there were no flowers anywhere about the city, but a sort of leafless yellow crocus, that sprang up in the burial-grounds, and a few scented tufts of some sort of mimosa, which boys offered you for sale in the streets; but I dare say, in early spring, this hill-girt valley is an amaranthine field of blossoming hyacinth, and gold-spiked and gold-starred crocus. Now, it was a brown-hide-bound meadow, with a treeless brown stream (not boatless) severing it in two. The same people seemed to fill the place—Levantine, bedizened in vulgar and ill-understood French dress, instead of the piquant national fez, set sideways on the head, and the plaits of hair wound like a turban round the classical, but silly numskull. No flaunting white fustanella kilts on the men; no pouch full of arms, forming a threatening fan of silver handles. I see and detest the false, stealthy eye; the large, caricature nose; the bragging, cowardly face,—in a word, the vulgarity, insolence, pretension, and impudence of the Levantine generally; I see telekis full of veiled ladies, and satins, and fans; no ox-waggons with looking-glass ornaments on the oxen's brows, and festoons of steel crescents, but one or two ridiculous painted sedans from Pera, and some cockney-looking pedestrians out for the day from some Galata Greek store. Under those plain folds of satin in the telekis, just wrapped together like a dressing-gown, and otherwise unornamented, I suppose lie hidden the diamond-studded turbans, the ponderous emerald earrings, the wide-sleeved selmas, the embroidered scarfs, the striped gauzes, the Cashmere fur-lined jackets, that I am told Turkish ladies wear in their fountained rooms above the Bosphorus, where perhaps they may one day rest as thousands of murdered women have done before, and nothing said. But, lo! as I am looking at the beautiful itinerant wax-works, a teleki, that seems hammered out of gold and silver, it is so gay, drawn by four horses, sweeps down into the valley! It contains the Sultan's daughter, whom he married to his favourite page and pipe-bearer. You may know the royal carriage by the red braided reins, and the blue and silver livery of the kawasses, drivers, and eunuchs, the stiff half-European dress of the negro guard and the attendant eunuchs. Of the attendant carriages some are like blue boxes without doors, and one has a silver bird with outstretched wings quivering on the top.

Tired of the incessant patrolling of carriages, and the monotony of seeing Greeks galloping hack horses, we go and take coffee. Windybank, who is with me here also, is soon writing a

ledger row of figures in the dust, and then casting them up with his umbrella, hoping to show that the stone procured from tunnelling the Andes for a railway, would pay the expenses of its making. We are near a great plane-tree, and opposite a sort of blacksmith's shop, where coffee, black, hot, and half grounds, is sold. At the door sit some Greeks, taking sherbet, and one or two poor Turks smoking water-bottle narghilés, the glass jars of which are painted with red and blue flowers. The Sultan, who has been in the valley, has just left; I can see, winding up a distant hill, the red and white flags of his tawdry body-guard of lancers, emerging from a thick rolling cloud of dust.

We were sitting meditating on I know not what trifles, which were rising in our brains, thick as motes in and out of the Jacob's ladders of sunshine, when a teleki belonging to the Seraglio drove up and stopped at the coffee stall where we were. There were no court ladies in it (court ladies were just then in such bad commercial odour in Stamboul that they were refused credit at the bazaars), but a kawass, coming to the door, opened it respectfully, and indeed timidly, and out stepped a very tall thin eunuch, of great rank and of gigantic (self-) consequence. As a type of his favoured class, he must be sketched. He wore a fez of the finest scarlet cloth: the tassels, of the bluest and the fullest. His robes were of the costliest amber Cashmere, and his boots and overalls of the glossiest patent leather. He had a broad nose, and swollen pale black lips, black lustreless eyes, and an imbecile forehead; and when he spoke it was like a life out of tune. The sickliest dandy to be caught in Bond-street at a fashionable hour, could not have put on such an exquisite air of languor, indecision, and weariness, of all the elements and life in general as the head eunuch: who, I believe, can bastinado and strap whom he will in the palace. He stood—not condescending to rest his eyes on us "forty-pig power of infidels"—one small patent leather foot on the carriage-step and one on the ground, a perfect example of fashionable indecision. With slavish servility, came out the dirty blacksmith cafgee whom no entreaties could have brought near us, and asked his eminence what he would have? He scarcely knew; it was too warm and oppressive to decide; perhaps he would wait and have coffee, perhaps he would follow his lord the Sultan. Allah! let the slaves wait till he can think. No, Satan, he will go back to the palace without anything. Satan, slap up the steps; Satan, drive quick; Satan, flog the horses, fast. Away! curses on all coffee-shops, and this one in the Sweet Waters of Europe in particular. Satan, away! The cafgee makes a gesture of hatred and disgust, and goes back to his fire and his coffee-pots, while the irresolute great man's carriage bounds off across the turf, already sharp-lined with pattern-cutting wheels.

And now, in their wake, Windybank and I, mounting two hack horses, followed the Sultan's flags and gingerbread carriages. When I thought of the Dying Man, and the fading race and rot-

ting religion, I felt as if I were following a funeral, and, as we mounted and mounted, entangled in a train of dusty carriages and curvetting horses of pure Arab and Turcoman origin, Windybank, who had just been triumphant with his somewhat confused suns in compound addition, got warmed by his coffee, and became communicative. He told me a story relating to Monsieur Valencini, dragoman to the Kamtschatkan Embassy, very illustrative of Turkish jealousy and the flower-beds of beauties we had lately been viewing :

It was about a year ago, it seemed from the story, that a jolting silver-studded tekei, gay and glib, and brimful of veiled Seraglio beauties, came bumping and tumbling along a crowded street of Pera, not very far from the Dutch Embassy. The ladies were attended by the usual grooms on foot, a negress duenna, and a mounted black eunuch of rather fierce temper, very new and zealous in discharging the onerous labours of his guardianship. The carriage bounced and trundled along, now nearly killing a Greek priest, now threatening with death a Roman Catholic Sister of Mercy, now scraping a French perfumer's door-post, now crushing a vagrant melon at a Greek fruiterer's door, or disturbing a butcher-boy who with a horse-tail brush was flapping the flies from a newly killed kid, opposite an open-windowed café, where English sailors were dividing a pillow-case full of Syrian (jibili) tobacco, with many well-intended expletives. On waggled the carriage, the ladies staring at everything, and ogling and whispering as much as they dared, the grooms clearing the way insolently, the eunuch frowning and clattering his long sabre, as violent and cynical a misanthrope as you could meet on a summer's day. As they passed a sweetmeat shop near the theatre, a newly-arrived Frenchman held out a handful of red and white "tens and thousands," and smirked some ill-timed compliments : at which the eunuch clutched his sword-hilt, rolled his eyes till they became all white and yellow, and beat the horses on, faster out of the infidel's way. At this unlucky crisis, who should step out of a barber's shop and appear on the scene, but poor, ill-fated, innocent M. Valencini, who, seeing a Turkish carriage jerking fast towards him, drew himself up close against the wall, to prevent being driven over. So little room, however, had he, that unavoidably his face, as the carriage passed, approached near the window. The angry eunuch, looking round, and seeing a second Frank, as he thought, trying to speak to his charge, began to think that the Mussulman religion was being defiled, the Koran spat on, and generally that the end of the world was come ; so he at once drew his sabre, and rushed at poor Valencini, who, with great presence of mind, seized his hand and managed to wrest the sabre out of it ; thereupon the eunuch prayed for mercy, and entreated, as did several of the bystanders, that the noble Frank would return his weapon, and let him ride on with the ladies of the harem. Suspecting no harm, Valencini generously gave the black his

sword : upon which the villain instantly flashed it in the air, and pursued Valencini, who ran down the street alarmed, being now perfectly defenceless. Valencini's body was half in a shop when the eunuch came up, and, missing his enemy's head, slashed him across the loins, and then sullenly followed the carriage containing the ladies. Had that sweeping blow fallen on the poor unoffending man's head, he would have fallen lifeless. As it was, his brother came by soon after ; the dangerous wound was bound up ; and Valencini in due time recovered.

"But, Windybank," said I, "do you forget how the great Kamtschatkan ambassador himself was horsewhipped by a Turkish coachman who had jostled against the driver of the potentate's carriage ?"

WOMAN IN FRANCE.

THE Bird, The Insect, and Love by Michelet, were much too clever and telling books—became much too notorious—not to be followed by a successor in due course of time, if their author only retained the strength to hold a pen. Happily, his hand is not paralysed, and the sequel to *L'Amour* has been given to the world under the title of *La Femme*, or *Woman*, which is equally idealist, anatomical, fantastical, and generally unrepresentable with its predecessor. However questionable as to its views and theories, *La Femme* is a sad and a true book in regard to certain facts—as every one acquainted with France must admit with regret. It lays bare the causes of the facts, that the population of *La Belle France* is diminishing in numbers and decreasing in stature. Whether M. Michelet's lubrication will do much good, or induce any efforts to remedy the evils, is very doubtful ; possibly, it may prove more instructive to "the stranger" than to the French themselves ; who are apt to consider everything belonging to them models to imitate, rather than as examples to avoid. It is by the faults of others, more frequently than by their own, that wise people are taught to straighten whatever may be awry in their conduct. Besides, a moral teacher, like a prophet, is apt to be lightly esteemed at home. Still, it is good that this bundle of verities, speculations, and whimsies, should have been put together by a Frenchman ; for, if any foreign visitor, or resident, had ventured to print a like libellus, there would have arisen forthwith, from the Gallic press, a unanimous chorus to the strain of "calumny, prejudice, envy, and detraction."

No one but Michelet would dare to proclaim what he calls the capital fact of the times ; namely, that in France, by a singular concurrence of social, religious, and economical circumstances, man lives separated from woman ; and that more and more. They are not only journeying on two distinct and parallel roads ; they resemble a couple of travellers who have started from the same station, one with all the steam on, the other at a parliamentary pace, and on divergent rail-

roads. The man, however weak he may be morally, nevertheless advances so rapidly on a line of ideas, inventions, and discoveries, that the heated rail scatters sparks. The woman, left behind through a sort of fatality, remains in the wheel-rut of a past of which she herself is but slightly cognisant. To our sorrow, she is distanced; but she will not, or she cannot, travel faster.

The worst is, that they do not seem in any hurry to approach each other. They appear to have nothing to say to each other. The hearth is cold, the table silent, and the chamber icy. People, they say, are not expected to put themselves out for the sake of folks that belong to them. But they don't take a bit more trouble in the company of strangers, where politeness would oblige them to act differently. Everybody can see, any evening, how a drawing-room divides into two drawing-rooms, one of men and another of women. What is not seen often enough, and what can be made the subject of experiment, is that, in a small friendly party of a dozen persons, if the lady of the house by a gentle violence compel the two circles to mix and combine, by obliging the gentlemen to converse with the ladies, silence is induced; there is an end of conversation.

The fact must be stated plainly, as it exists. They have neither ideas in common, nor a common language; and even on subjects which might interest both parties, they do not know how to talk. They have too much lost sight of each other. Shortly, unless great care is taken, in spite of accidental meetings, they will constitute not two sexes, but two peoples. If the French laws of succession did not make the women rich, marriages would cease—at least, in the large towns.

The motives which, at the present day, not only cause matrimony to be feared, but which keep men away from female society, are diverse and complicated. The first, incontestably, is the increasing poverty of multitudes of young women, who are left without sufficient resources obtainable by honest employment. Next, the energetic and brilliant personality of French young ladies, who too often take the upper hand the day after the wedding, frightens the bachelor. There is no joking in the matter: a Frenchwoman is somebody. It gives you the chance of great happiness, but sometimes, also, of a wretched life. The excellent French civil laws (which are those of future ages, and towards which the world is gravitating) have not the less increased this difficulty, which is inherent in the national character. The Frenchwoman can inherit, and she knows it; she has a dowry, and she knows it. The case is quite different to that of certain neighbouring countries, where the daughter, if she has a portion, receives it in money only (a fluid which leaks away into the husband's business or property). In France, she possesses houses and lands; and even if her brothers wish to pay her the value, the national jurisprudence is opposed

to it, and maintains her rich in houses and lands, guaranteed by the Régime Dotal, or by certain stipulations. Her fortune is mostly tangible. Her farms do not fly away, her tenements do not tumble about her ears; there they remain, immovable, giving her a voice in the chapter, and keeping up a degree of personal importance which is scarcely known to English or to German ladies.

These latter are absorbed, as it were, by their husband; they are lost in him, body and goods (if they have any goods). Consequently, they are more completely uprooted than Frenchwomen are from their natal family, which would not care to have them back again. The bride is reckoned as good as dead to her relations, who are glad to have provided for a daughter of whose future maintenance they are entirely relieved. Happen what may, and go where he will, she will follow her husband, and will remain with him. On such conditions, matrimony is a much less formidable affair.

A curious thing in France, contradictory in appearance, but not really so is that "matrimonial ties are very weak, and family ties are very strong." It will happen (especially amongst the middle classes in the country) that a woman, some time after marriage, when once she has children, divides her heart and soul into two portions; one she gives to her children, the other to her relations, to the objects of her early affections. What is left for the husband? Nothing. The marriage is virtually annulled by the esprit de famille. It is difficult to conceive how wearisome such a woman is, barricading herself up behind a retrograde past, reducing herself to the level of her mother, whose mind is full of superannuated notions, completely imbued with bygone things. The husband "leads a quiet life," but he soon sinks discouraged, heavy, good for nothing. He loses every progressive idea he had gained during his studies and in young men's society. He is soon extinguished by the Dame Propriétaire, by the heavy suffocation of the old family hearth.

One thing hinders some bachelors from getting married; all workers are poor in France. They live on their salary, they live on their clients or patients, and so on; they just live. Suppose a man earns six thousand francs a year; many a woman whom he might think would suit him, spends as much as that in dress. Women are brought up to it by their mothers. Even if they consent to give him one of these fine young ladies, what is to become of him the day afterwards, when she discovers that she has left a rich house for a poor one? If her husband really love her—which is possible—imagine the wretchedness and basenesses to which he might be tempted, for the sake of becoming just a little rich, and of displeasing his fair one just a little less.

For others, the grand impediment is the lady's religion. Yes, really; her religion. Frenchwomen are brought up to dogmas which are

not the dogmas of Frenchmen. The mothers, who are so anxious to marry their daughters, give them exactly the education which is likely to lead to a divorce. What is the national dogma of France? This: that, with apparent change and movement, she changes not. She resembles one of her own intermittent light-houses; she alternately displays and conceals the flame, but the light in the focus is always identical. And what focus? The Voltairean spirit—long anterior to Voltaire himself—in the first place; secondly, '89, or the grand laws of the first Revolution; thirdly, the canons of her scientific pope, the Académie des Sciences. This is the faith of universal France, and is the reason why foreigners condemn her in the lump, and without distinction of parties.

But the daughters of France are trained to hate and despise what every Frenchman loves and believes. They are devoted to the past, without being too well acquainted with what it is. They readily listen to those who say with Pascal, "Nothing is certain; therefore, let us believe in the absurd." In France, women are rich, they are exceedingly clever, and they have every means of learning. But they choose not to learn anything, nor to create a faith of their own. If they meet with a man who holds a serious faith, a man of heart who believes and loves all ascertained truths, they say with a smile, "This gentleman believes in nothing."

And now, to speak only of the first obstacle alleged—the unbridled pride of women, their madness after dress, and so forth—it would seem that this is especially addressed to the upper classes, to rich ladies, or to those who have occasion to mix with the rich world—to some two or three hundred thousand ladies. But do you know how many marriageable women there are in France? Eighteen million eighteen hundred thousand. It would be unjust to accuse all these in a body, of the errors and absurdities of high society. If they copy them at a distance, it is not always of their own free will. The great ladies, by their example, and often heedlessly by their contempt and ridicule, are the cause of great sorrow in this respect. They impose an impossible degree of luxury upon poor women who sometimes care nothing about it, but who, from their position, on account of serious interests, are obliged to make a certain show, and who, in order to shine, rush headlong into the most hazardous positions. But women who have a common destiny of their own, and an extensive community of secrets, ought to love and sustain each other a little, instead of waging an internecine war. They injure each other in a thousand things, indirectly. The rich lady, whose splendour alters the style of dress of the poorer classes, does great injury to the young girl. She prevents her marrying; no worker cares to espouse a doll who costs such a deal of money to dress. Remaining single, she becomes, perhaps, a shopwoman, or something of that kind; but even here the great lady injures her again, preferring

to have to do with a shopman in a black coat, with a flattering tongue, and more effeminate than a woman.

The barbarism of our Western World! Woman has ceased to be valued as constituting the love, the happiness of man, and still less for her maternal qualities as the sustainer of a race of men; she is reckoned as an *ouvrière*—a workwoman! *Ouvrière*! Impious and sordid word, which no language would have ever possessed, and no epoch would have understood, before this iron age, and which alone suffices to outweigh all our pretended progress. At this enter the crowded bands of economists and doctors of net profits, remonstrating, "But, sir, consider the high social and economical necessity! Manufactures, if shackled, must cease. In the name of the indigent classes themselves!"—etcetera.

The highest of all necessities is, to exist; and, visibly, the nation is perishing. The population does not increase in numbers, and it does decline in quality. The peasant woman is dying of hard labour, and the workwoman of starvation. What children can you expect from mothers like these? Abortions, more and more abortive. "But a people does not perish entirely!" Several peoples—even those who still figure on the map—are no longer in existence.

Two peoples are to be seen in the towns of France; the one, clad in cloth: that's man; the other, in wretched printed calico: that's woman. The one—we will take the lowest labourer—the worst paid, the hodman, the servant of other workmen—will contrive to eat meat for breakfast (a slice of smoked sausage or something else as a thumb-piece on bread). In the evening he steps into his *gargote*, or eating-house, where he will have a plate of meat, and even some bad wine. A woman of the same condition will take a sou's (halfpenny) worth of milk in the morning, some bread at noon, and some bread at night, hardly a sou's worth of cheese. You don't believe it? It is certain, as shall shortly be proved. Her day's work produces ten sous, "and cannot produce eleven," for a reason which shall be explained. Why are things come to this wretched state? The man does not choose to marry; he does not choose to protect and be burdened with the woman. He lives in gluttonous solitude. Does he, therefore, lead a life of abstinence? He abstains from nothing. It makes one blush to be a man.

"I do not earn enough," he says. He earns four or five times more than the woman, in the majority of trades. He earns forty or fifty sous, and she ten. The poverty of the workman would be for the workwoman wealth, abundance, and luxury. When bread is dear, a woman cannot pinch, she cannot descend lower in the dietary scale; by dropping a single degree, she must die of inanition. "It is all their own fault," says the economist. "Why were they so crazy as to leave the country, and perish of hunger in the towns?"

My dear sir, do you know anything about the country in France? How terrible, excessive, and

rigorous the labour is there? In England, women are not employed to do the hard work of agriculture. They may be very badly off, but still they wear hats to cover their heads, and are not exposed to wind and rain. Germany, with her forests and her pastures, with an easy kind of labour and her national gentleness, does not crush women as they are crushed in France. It is there only that the durus arator, the hard ploughman of the poet, finds his ideal. Why? Because he is a landed proprietor. A proprietor of little, a proprietor of a mere nothing, and a proprietor over head and ears in debt. With blind and furious hard work, with excessively bad farming, he struggles to keep the wolf from the door. His patch of land threatens to slip through his fingers. Sooner than that, he will bury himself in it alive, if need be; but he will first bury his wife there. That's why he gets married—to have a labourer. At the Antilles, you buy a negro; in France, you marry a wife. You select one with a small appetite and of slight and low stature, in the supposition that such a help-mate will consume less food. [Historical.]

She has a stout heart has this poor French woman; she does all that is required of her, and more. She harnesses herself side by side with a donkey (on light lands) while the man holds the plough. In everything, the hardest part falls to her share. He prunes the vines, standing at ease; she, stooping with her head to the ground, scratches with the hoe and grubs with the mattock. He has respites, she has none. He has his fête-days and his friends. He goes alone to the public-house. She goes to church for a moment, and drops asleep there. At night, if he comes home drunk, she is beaten, and often, which is worse, when she is about to give birth to a child. For a twelvemonth, there she is, dragging about her double sufferance through heat and cold, frozen by the wind and pelted by the rain all day long.

The majority die of consumption, especially in the north. (See the statistics.) No constitution can stand such a life. A mother is surely excusable if she wish that her daughter should suffer less, and if she send her to the factory (where at least she will have a roof over her head), or to domestic service in town, where she will share some of the comforts of city life. The girl is only too well inclined to the change. Every woman feels in her heart little cravings after elegance, smartness, and aristocratical ways. She is immediately punished for her ambitious desires. She is deprived of the light of the sun. The mistress of the house is often very harsh, especially if the girl be pretty. She is immolated to spoiled children, to cunning monkeys, to cruel little cats. Or if not that, she is accused, scolded, vexed, maltreated. At that point she would gladly lie down and die. She pines after her home; but she knows that her father would never take her back again. She loses her colour, and wastes away. Her master alone is kind to her. He would console her, if he dare. At some

accidental occasion he does dare. A grand storm in the household; the husband, abashed, hangs his head. She is driven into the streets, without a morsel of bread, till she finds her way to the hospital.

The workwomen of France, who are endowed with such cleverness, taste, and dexterity, are mostly physically distinguished by natural elegance and delicacy. In what respect do they differ from the ladies of the upper classes? In the foot? No. In the figure? No. The hand makes the only difference; because the poor work-girl, obliged to be constantly washing, passing the winter in a garret with nothing to warm her but a charcoal pot, has her hands, her only instrument of labour and livelihood, painfully swollen and cracked by chilblains. With this exception, the same woman, if she be only properly dressed, is Madame la Comtesse as much as any in the fashionable Faubourg. She has not the jargon of the world; she is much more romantic, more vivacious. Only let a gleam of happiness shine upon her, and she will eclipse all the rest.

Within the course of the last few years, two immense events have changed the lot of European women. Woman has only two grand trades to follow, *spinning* and *sewing*. The others (embroidery, flower-making, &c.) are hardly worth reckoning. Woman is a *spinster*, woman is a *seamstress*. That is her work, in all ages; that is her universal history. Well, such is no longer the case; a change has lately taken place. Firstly, flax-spinning by machinery has suppressed the spinster. It is not her wages only that she has thereby lost, but a whole world of habitudes. The peasant woman used to spin as she attended to her children and her cottage cookery. She span at winter evening meetings. She span as she walked, grazing her cow or her sheep. The seamstress was the workwoman of towns. She worked at home, either continually, or alternating her work with domestic duties. For any important undertaking, this state of things has ceased to exist. In the first place, prisons and convents offered a terrible competition with the isolated workwoman; and now, the sewing-machine annihilates her. The increasing employment of these two machines, the cheapness and perfection of their work, will force their products into every market, in spite of every obstacle. There is nothing to be said against the machines, nothing to be done. These grand inventions are, in the end, and in the totality of their effects, a benefit to the human race. But those effects are cruel during the moments of transition.

Man is not content with inventing machines which suppress woman's two grand trades; he directly usurps secondary industries by which she used to gain a living, and descends to the employments of the weaker sex. Can woman, at will, rise to the trades requiring strength, and practise those which belong specially to man? By no means. Nonchalant and leisurely dames,

sinking back on their sofas, may say as often as they please, "Woman is not an ailing creature." An ailment which is nothing when you can nurse yourself up for two or three days at a time, is frequently overwhelming for the female who is unable to take repose.

In reality, woman is unable to perform long-continued labour, either in a standing or a sitting posture. If she remain constantly seated, her chest is irritated, her stomach oppressed, her head injected with blood. If she be kept continually standing, as in ironing, or in composing type in a printing-house, other derangements of the system take place. She is able to do a great deal of work, but it must be by varying her attitude, as she does in her household, going and coming. She ought to have a household; she ought to be a married woman.

The well-educated young person, as she is called, who is able to teach and to act as governess in a family, the professor of certain arts—is she likely to manage better? M. Michelet would be glad if he could answer, "Yes." There is nothing but difficulty for the single woman; her every step goes either to a blind alley or to a precipice. The worst destiny that can befall a woman is to live alone. The "single woman" may be recognised at the first glance. Take her in her own neighbourhood, wherever she is subject to observation, and you will notice in her the easy, free, elegantly unconstrained bearing which is peculiar to the women of France. But in a quarter where she thinks that no attention is paid to her, and where she unmask herself, what sadness, what visible depression!

What annoyances beset a single woman! She can hardly go out in the evening, for fear of being mistaken for a disreputable person. There are a thousand places where men only are seen, and if her business takes her to one of them, people are astonished, and laugh like fools. For instance, if she happens to be detained late at one extremity of Paris, however hungry she may be, she dares not enter a restaurant. It would be an event, and would be looked upon as a wonderful sight. Every eye would be constantly fixed on her, she would overhear hazardous and unpolite conjectures. She is, therefore, obliged to walk back a league, and, after her late arrival, to light her fire and prepare her little meal. She avoids making any noise, for an inquisitive neighbour (a harebrained student, perhaps, or a young official) would clap his eye to the keyhole, or would indiscreetly offer some service as an excuse for entering. The vexatious circumstances of community, or rather of servitude, inseparable from the big, ugly barracks which the French call houses, make her timid in innumerable things, and cause her to hesitate at every step. Everything is constraint for her, and liberty for the man. How, for instance, she shuts herself up, if, on Sunday, her young and noisy neighbours club together to have what is called a bachelor's dinner!

Let us examine this house. She lives on the fourth story, and she makes so little noise, that the occupant of the third story for some time believed he had no one over him. He is scarcely less unhappy than she is. He is a gentleman whom weak health and a moderate competence forbid to take up any employment. Without being old, he has already acquired the prudent habits of a man who is always occupied with the conservation of his precious self. A piano, which woke him a little earlier than he had a mind to, revealed the solitary person. And then, he once caught a glimpse of an amiable female countenance on the stairs, a little pale, and of a graceful figure, and his curiosity was excited. Nothing more easy. Porters are not deaf and dumb, and her life is so transparent! Except when she is giving lessons, she is always at home, and always studying. She is preparing for examination, preferring to be a governess, and to find a shelter in a family. In short, she is so well spoken of, that the gentleman becomes quite thoughtful. "Ah! if I were not a poor man!" he says. "It is very agreeable to have the society of a pretty woman, who understands everything, who saves you from dragging out your evenings at the theatre or at the café. But when one has only ten thousand francs (four hundred pounds) a year, as I have, it is impossible to marry."

He then makes a calculation, reckoning everything double, as men do in such a case, combining the probable expenses of the married man with those of the bachelor who should go on with his café, his theatres, and the rest of it. In this way, one of the most talented journalists in Paris came to the conclusion that for two persons to live, without a servant, in a cottage in the suburbs, thirty thousand francs a year were required.

This lamentable existence of honourable solitude and desperate ennui, is the life that is led by the wandering shadows who are called in England members of clubs. It is also beginning to be the fashion in France. Very well fed, very well warmed in these splendid establishments, with all the journals and extensive libraries, living together like well-bred, polished corpses, they progress with the spleen, and prepare for suicide. Everything is so well organised, that speech is a useless faculty; they have no need even to make signs. On certain days in the year their tailor visits them, and takes their measure, without their having to utter a word.

Occasionally you may meet, in an omnibus, a young girl modestly dressed, with her eyes constantly fixed on a book. Most frequently, the book is a grammar, or one of the manuals which prepare candidates for examination. Small books, thick and compact, in which every science is concentrated into a dry, indigestible state, very nearly to the consistency of a bit of flint-stone. She loads her stomach with all that, the young victim. Visibly, she exerts herself to the utmost, to swallow the greatest quantity possible. She devotes to it her days and her

nights, and even the moments of repose which the omnibus offers between the lessons she gives at opposite ends of the town.

The temptation is natural for a young, proud, and pure mind, courageously struggling to improve her lot, to free herself from dependence on individuals, to address herself to all, to take one sole patron, the public, and believe that it will be possible to live on the fruits of her thought. What revelations women could make on this subject! One only has ventured to do so in a very powerful novel, whose only fault is its brevity, so that the situations are not worked out to their full effect. This book, *Une Fausse Position*, came out fifteen years ago, and immediately disappeared. It is the exact itinerary, the road-book of a poor literary lady, the summary of the tolls, and duties, and taxes exacted from her to allow her to set a few steps within the barrier; the bitterness, the irritation which her resistance created all around her, so that she was entirely surrounded by obstacles—nay, deadly obstacles. Did you ever see the children in Provence persecute an insect which they believed to be venomous? They surround it with bits of stick and straw, to which they set fire. Whichever way the poor creature rushes, it is stopped by flame. It cannot pass the circle of fire. Camille, the woman of letters, surrounded by fire, and finding no issue, longs for death.

With these sympathetic feelings towards the female sex, M. Michelet administers to his bachelor friends the following good trimming, italicising himself the sharpest strokes of his rod: "My dear sirs, after what I have told you, the reason why you ought all to get married, the strongest argument which your hearts can urge is that *Woman does not live without Man*. And can man live without woman? You yourselves confess that your life is *sombre and bitter*. In the midst of amusements and vain shadows, you possess no wife, neither happiness nor repose. You have not the steady position, the harmonious equilibrium, which is of such service in the production of important works. Nature has drawn life tight together into a triple and absolute knot; man, woman, and the child. Apart, they are sure to perish; their only safety lies in union and fellowship. All the disputes between the two sexes, and their respective pride, go for nothing. We must have done with everything of the kind. In the only book of this century in which there is a grand poetical conception (the poem of the Last Man—*Le Dernier Homme*), the author believes the world exhausted, and the earth on the point of coming to an end. But there is a sublime obstacle: *the earth cannot come to an end, so long as one*

single man still loves. Take pity on the worn-out earth, which, without love, would have no further right to exist. Love, for the salvation of the world!

"Your grand objection in respect to the opposition of your creeds and the difficulty of bringing woman to adopt yours, does not seem to me very valid for any one who will look that difficulty in the face coolly and practically. The fusion of creeds will not be completely effected till after two marriages, in two successive generations. The woman whom you ought to espouse, is the one whom I have pictured in my book on *L'Amour*; the one who, simple in mind and affectionate in disposition, having not yet received any definite imprint, will be less inclined to repulse modern ideas; the one who does not come to you the prepossessed enemy of science and of truth. I prefer that she should be poor, isolated, with but few and slight family connexions. Her rank and education are of very secondary importance. Every Frenchwoman is born a queen, or ready to become one. Give me, as a spouse, the *simple woman*, whom I can elevate to a certain degree; and give me, as a daughter, the confiding and *believing woman*, whom I can raise to the highest stage of female nature. Thus will be broken up the miserable circle in which we go round and round; wherein woman prevents our making woman what she might and ought to be.

"With this good spouse, who shares, at least in heart, her husband's faith, he, following the very easy path of nature, will exercise over his child an incredible ascendant of authority and tenderness. A daughter has such faith in her father! He can make of her whatever he will. The strength of this second love, so lofty, so pure, must evolve the *WOMAN* in her, the adorable ideal of grace combined with wisdom, by whom alone future family life and future society are to be recommenced and regenerated."

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